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"TAMMANY HALL WILL WHIP CREATION THIS FALL."

Hercules Morrissey. "Stand aside, Boys; I'll show you what Muscle can do."

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1873.

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THE REPUBLICAN PRESS AND PARTY.

WHY should the Republican press of this State, or of the country, be ruled by the politicians, instead of ruling them? Some editors, it is true, hold office under the party, and some papers can not afford to be independent. But the great multitude own themselves in every sense, and their voice would be a power that no mere politician could withstand. General BUTLER professes to despise the newspapers. But they have bowled him over more than once. The plain speaking of the Boston *Daily Advertiser* just before the nomination in that State was a much more serious and significant event than the open defection from the party of several politicians like General BANKS. And why? Because a newspaper is a political orator who talks to the voters every where and every day. In this country, and under our system, there is no influence more powerful. Why should not that power be used for the best purpose? Why should not the press, instead of the politicians, give the law to the party?

There are journals which seem to suppose that a party is endangered if all its acts and all its men are not indiscriminately extolled. On the contrary, it is endangered if they are. What! says Party Spirit, shall we foul our own nest? Certainly not. Let us try to prevent it; but if we can not, let us not pretend to like it. For instance, the gentlemen who managed the Republican Convention at Utica were fully informed that Mr. WILLIAM B. TAYLOR was not a proper person to nominate for State Engineer, because he uniformly supported the canal ring. But, notwithstanding this information and protest, they chose to nominate him. It is the duty of the Republican press, therefore, not to say that he should be supported because he was regularly nominated, but that every Republican who votes for him injures the party. The triumphant election of the rest of the ticket, which is admirable, and the defeat of the candidate for State Engineer, would be an unmistakable proof of the moral soundness of the party. If the condition of Republican supremacy is docile support of all the measures that the party managers may adopt, and praise of all the candidates they may nominate, Republican supremacy ought to be in great danger.

The error of the press to which we allude arises from mistaking the ground upon which a party is supported. It is not because all its men and measures are approved, but because, in the opinion of the majority of voters, the public welfare is better subserved by the dominance of one party than of another. Thus the silence or the sophistry of our Republican brethren of the press in regard to the President and the back pay does not deceive the party. They know the facts, and the immense majority of Republicans every where regret his action, while the prestidigitation of the platforms which condemn the votes for the grab and exonerate the signature that made it operative only excites a smile. But those Republicans do not therefore wish that Mr. GREELEY had been elected, nor do they propose to show their regret by supporting the Democratic party. There were leading Democrats in this State who were inflexibly hostile to Texan annexation, upon which ground Mr. VAN BUREN was defeated in the Convention of 1844 and Mr. POLK nominated, but they nevertheless supported Mr. POLK and his Oregon policy and his general administration. They thought that even with those faults it was better for the country, upon the whole, than a Whig administration. But when the power that annexed Texas and nominated Mr. POLK showed that it meant to control the party absolutely, those Democrats left the party, for they were persuaded that the chance of Whig success or of any other result was preferable to that certainty. That is the history of the dissolution of all parties. And when a large body of intelligent Republicans see that the acts and tendencies which they disapprove are not exceptional nor of less peril than the chances of Democratic ascendency, but are the rule and the spirit of their party, they will step out and take the risk of the deluge.

Now nothing can so surely prolong Republican supremacy as a courageous Republican press. If the managers of the Convention at Utica had known that if they nominated Mr. TAYLOR the Republican press of the State would have protested, and would have exhorted the party not to vote for him, the managers would not have dared to place his name upon the ticket. So with Congress. It will soon assemble; and unhappily honorable gentlemen have come to believe that they have but to set the tune, and the party organs will obediently grind it from Maine to the Pacific. Let the Republican press undeceive them. Let Congress know that its party friends are jealous of the party fame, and do not mean to imperil Republican supremacy by winking at any jobbery or unsound legislation. The opposition will, of course, denounce every thing. Let the party press denounce every thing that is unworthy the Republican character and best traditions. Shall we not leave hostility to our opponents? you ask. Hostility to what? Shall any press or party be swifter to expose errors and censure extravagance or corruption than the Republican?

Mr. SHEPHERD, for instance, is to be nominated for Governor of the District of Columbia. The Senate ought not to confirm the nomination. The Republican party can not carry such reputations. Shall not Republican newspapers say what Republicans very well know and privately declare? Nobody for a moment suspects the President of the least improper motive. But it is a mistake to nominate a person under such suspicion as Mr. SHEPHERD, even if the President has no conclusive proof against him. The public mind is very sensitive since the Crédit Mobilier and the salary grab; and if Senators choose to disdain its opinion upon those subjects, let them hear the voice of the Republican press assuring them that Republicans are impatient of much that they see, and demand a change in many things. The confirmation of a nomination like that of Mr. SHEPHERD, indifference to public feeling upon the salary grab, a spirit of extravagance, would all belong to that class of acts and tendencies whose accumulation would compel thoughtful men to wonder whether a party which allows them is still indispensable to the welfare of the country. This was the question that the "conscience" Whigs asked when the Baltimore Convention of 1852 surrendered to slavery, and the Whig party was gone in 1856. This was the question that the Free-soil Democrats began to ask in 1844, and from that moment the party was doomed. This is the question which the Republican press and Congress can, if they will, prevent such men from asking of the Republican party.

CHURCH AND STATE.

ONE of the most timely and valuable papers read before the Evangelical Alliance was that of the president of the Conference, Dr. WOOLSEY, upon Christianity and the government. Of the peculiar fitness of Dr. WOOLSEY to treat such questions Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS spoke in his address at Cambridge last summer, and there could be no better authority. Mr. ADAMS was remarking that the press was becoming more independent, and that questions of great public interest were now treated in the journals by the most competent persons, and that every university should offer young men the opportunity of training for this career. They need not hold office, but they will be fitted for it if summoned. They would make the best of advisers. And to illustrate the kind of man and training that he means, Mr. ADAMS says: "I would respectfully point to the learned treatment by the venerable person lately the president of the university at New Haven, our foremost rival in good works, of the chief disputed questions growing out of the last treaty with Great Britain. Free as he is from all possible ambition for place, he has yet been doing a service to us and the world in general for which the nation should count him one of its benefactors."

Dr. WOOLSEY'S paper before the Conference is another public service. It bears directly upon the question which interests some good minds of placing in the Constitution some kind of religious declaration. He shows that the national Constitution as it is has properly nothing whatever to do with religion, but that the colonies and States have now and have formerly had various attitudes toward it. The earlier colonies established some form of worship, and recognized some articles of Christian faith, except Rhode Island, the first State that maintained religious liberty, and Maryland, a Roman Catholic colony, where it was illegal, under British authority, to establish the Roman Catholic Church. The States are wholly unconstrained by the national Constitution upon the subject of religion. They may have an established church if they choose. Most of them, however, say nothing of religion in their constitutions. Some withhold office from atheists and Christian disbelievers, but these would hardly be considered the most intelligent of the States. The tendency rapidly developed every where in the country is toward absolute separation of church and state, and true religious freedom—not toleration, but what ROGER WILLIAMS called soul-liberty. In some States laws authorizing any religious body to levy taxes for the support of a church or ministry are forbidden. One State limits the real property which a church can hold to five acres. Every thing shows a resolution that religion and religious establishments shall be perfectly free and voluntary.

Dr. WOOLSEY concludes by asking whether a constitution which separates religious from civil interests can be called Christian, or, rather, may a community which thinks that religion will be purer if severed from the state properly be described as an unchristian state? He denies it, and says that it is no more unchristian than an academy of science without a creed, or a mercantile firm without daily prayers in the counting-house. He then explains that this is a Christian country only in the sense that the vast mass of the people accept the Christian religion, and that our civilization is founded upon Christian influences and faith, but that Mr. WEBSTER was wrong in asserting in the GIRARD case that Christianity is the law of the land. It will be seen from this paper that our experience confirms the wisdom of the fathers in making the national Constitution solely a secular instrument. If the progress of opinion in the various States had shown that it was better for the State, as such, to recognize some form of faith or of worship, the argument for "God in the Constitution" would be much strengthened. But, on the contrary, that experience confirms the conclusions of the wisest thought, that religion, with the whole intellectual and moral sphere, must be left absolutely free. No majority can rightfully impose its faith upon the minority, or upon a single person. The fundamental principle of our Constitution is and should be the equality of all the citizens before the law, and that is incompatible with any expression of religious faith in the organic law.

THE OHIO ELECTION.

THE Ohio election would be very significant if the country were divided upon a great question of policy. But as it is not, the result shows only Republican dissatisfaction and indifference. To suppose that the people of Ohio accept the farrago put forth as a Democratic platform in that State is to accuse their common-sense. They do not believe, for instance, that the Democrats are or have been the friends of equal and exact justice, because they know that the party was the machine of slavery, and that to-day the party organs sneer at the equality of suffrage. And the other pretenses are like this. After the nomination of HORACE GREELEY, the Democratic party can not claim any principles which seriously conflict with those of the Republicans, because HORACE GREELEY was identified with every Republican measure. In nominating him the Democrats theoretically surrendered. His fatal error was the supposition that the Democrats, even if converted, could have so effectively carried out his favorite principles as his old party.

If, then, the party which last year nominated Mr. GREELEY for the Presidency can not affect to repudiate his principles and the measures that he favored, it can appeal for public support only because of the probability of its more honest administration of government. Now whatever may be thought of Republican administration, nobody really believes that that of Democrats would be more faithful. The Democratic government of the city of New York down to two years ago, the city in which the power of that party was unchallenged, in which TWEED and his Ring had absolute control, and in which the Democrats gave us for judges BARNARD, CARDOZO, and M'CUNN, illustrated the purity of its spirit and the integrity of its administration. Ohio is unquestionably a Republican State, as against the Democratic party. But there are many things that have chilled Republican ardor, and this year was a good one in which to express dissatisfaction by staying at home. The result will be useful in reminding Republican leaders that just in the degree that they depend upon party organization merely, they invite defeat and disaster.

UNDER WHICH KING?

THE probable action of the majority in the French Assembly in establishing a monarchy is sometimes called a plot or a *coup*. But it would be no more a *coup* than the establishment of the republic was. When the news of the catastrophe at Sedan reached Paris the Assembly was surrounded by the mob, and the republic was declared. The consent of the people was not asked, and never has been asked. JULES FAVRE and GAMBETTA were virtually self-appointed. When their defense of France failed, an Assembly was practically summoned by the Germans for the purpose of settling terms of peace. It was elected by a popular vote, and is the one that is still sitting, and which is, indeed, the only organized representative of supreme authority in France. That Assembly elected THIERS and M'MAHON of its own will, and not because the people of France had authorized it to do so, or had declared a republic. And if the Assembly now erects a throne, and places the Comte de Chambord upon it, it will only show that as the majority of that body was formerly republican, it is now monarchical.

It is a mere assumption that the French people prefer a republic to any other form of government. In the cities there is a vehement class of politicians who insist upon what they call a republic at all hazards; but there is no evidence and not much probability that the majority of the population really desire it. They are ignorant, timid, and superstitious. There are millions of small proprietors, with their families, and what they most sincerely wish is a firm and stable government which will secure them peace to till their fields, and which will not ruin them by taxation. This class, this rural France, was the constituency of LOUIS NAPOLEON, not because it was more Bonapartist than Bourbonist or Orleanist, but because it wanted tranquillity and order, and these were more probable under a strong government already established than under any revolutionary régime. We must never forget that French politics is a game played in Paris. To the players, whether monarchical or republican, the people of France are mere counters. The point is to ascertain whether the players can depend upon the army; for with the army and the civil administration in their hands, the elections will result as they choose.

It is absurd, therefore, to speak as if there were a public opinion in France as there is in this country, or as if the people as a mass were abstractly monarchists or republicans. Indeed, there is little sign of any republican sentiment as we understand the word. The republic of France, as preached by its advocates, is the absolute despotism of the majority—the worst form of tyranny. That a constitution is a check upon absolute sovereignty for the common benefit is something which a French republican does not comprehend; and there would probably be as little liberty in a French republic, as it would be established to-day, as in a monarchy. Probably also there is among the rural population more fear of a republic than of any other government, because the word is so closely associated with the terror of '93. We know very well that the crimes of the old monarchy were largely responsible for the ignorance and suffering and ferocity from which the terror sprang. But we are now speaking of facts, not of reasons.

If the Assembly should consult the people upon the form of government which they preferred, and the result should be a republic, there are probably very few students of French affairs and character who suppose that it would be a peaceful republic. In the first session of its Assembly a contest would arise between the Communists and the republicans, and it is not possible to conceive an orderly and legal solution of it. We do not, however, suppose that a monarchy of any kind would be more orderly, except upon the terms that Warsaw was made so. Certainly such a reactionary monarchy as that of HENRY the Fifth could do

no more than LOUIS NAPOLEON'S or LOUIS PHILIPPE'S. But since the last "legitimate" king France has passed through all the degrees of the cycle. There has been a constitutional popular monarchy, a republic, an empire, another republic, a Commune in Paris, a quasi-republic; and the time may be ripe for a return to the point of departure, and the restoration of "legitimacy."

There is always, indeed, one possible solution of a political situation like that in France, and that is, a great man. But among the conspicuous actors there he does not appear. In his absence the hope of the country would seem to be the selection of a patriotic and sagacious chief, of practical skill and without theories. But he, also, does not appear. Among the monarchical figures the Duc d'Aumale is an honorable, accomplished, and clever gentleman, but he is of the younger branch of the old royal family. How severely royalist he is we do not know. But he seems to be a truly "modern" man, and not ignorant of the conditions of real greatness in a state. It may be that with some such man, ruling under a free and popular constitution, the chances of France would be as fair as under any plan yet proposed. But the practical choice seems now to lie between what is called a republic, the Comte de Chambord, and some kind of BONAPARTE coalition.

HEROES AND MARTYRS.

AMIDST all the exciting news of the autumn, the great events in France and Spain, the return of the arctic explorers, the financial panic, the imposing congress of the evangelical sects, and the gay murmur of the opera and theatre in New York, there has been the low, piercing cry of despair from Shreveport and Memphis. Those towns have been desolated with the yellow fever, and the daily accounts have been full of thrilling stories of the highest heroism and devotion. One little girl nurses her parents until they die, and then, unable to get help, obtains the wood for the coffins, makes them, and buries her sacred dead. A Roman Catholic clergyman gives his days and nights to the sick and dying, suddenly sickens himself, and dies. From New Orleans and other places physicians, nurses, volunteers, have hastened to the terrible scene, some to die, all to help, and to inspire gratitude for human sympathy and self-sacrifice in every soul that hears the story.

It is in such scenes and at such times that the truest human heroism is shown. There is no audience, no applause, no fame. If the hero and heroine thought of it at all, they would know that neither their names nor their deeds would be heard of. What anguish, what nobility of soul, what martyrdom, in the secret family stories of the great plague in London—stories that were never written, of which there is no trace in the light mention of PEPYS or the horrors of DE FOE! It is the same now in Memphis and Shreveport. The contemplation of such events and of such an experience gives us a deeper reverence for human nature, a profounder consciousness of the possibilities of human life. The daily news from the stricken cities should be a sermon that should chasten every man, the influence of which should be felt in daily intercourse. Will it not also stimulate and challenge science to cope with this old scourge of the Southern part of the country as it is successfully coping in England with typhoid causes?

A LITTLE TIN BOX.

DURING the height of the Presidential campaign last year a friend of the President asked authority to contradict some of the personal falsehoods about him which were so rife. The President smiled, and said, "What is the use? They will invent twenty while you are denying one." He held his peace, and gradually, one by one, the stories of the Seneca stone, and the Long Branch cottage, and the Chicago lots, and the ministry to Belgium, and the rest, were shown to be utterly false, and the President wholly innocent. The same old spirit of defamation begins to show itself again. After the recent suspension of the First National Bank in Washington it was said that a little tin box, containing the President's special deposit of some thousands of dollars, had been hurriedly returned to him early on the morning of the failure, while the other depositors, including ex-President JOHNSON, who had sixty thousand dollars in the bank, were left to whistle for their money. It was also alleged that the President was allowed interest on his balances.

This story turns out to be of the Seneca stone variety. The President had no special deposit in the bank, and was not allowed interest upon any balance, and had no balance when the bank stopped, and had no little tin box there. But he did have a little tin box in the bank of JAY COOKE & Co., containing private papers, and not a balance, nor had he any money with the house; and that little tin box was returned to him about the time the First National Bank closed.

It is very safe to disbelieve the personal scandal about the President. Nothing is easier than to invent and diffuse it, and there are plenty of persons who are diligently engaged in the business. A Washington correspondent has but to obtain one fact—one little tin box—and he will fill it full of lies. And if no little box can be found, he can still say that "it is rumored," and "it is whispered," and "it is understood." The daily life of no man in the country is exposed to such minute and malevolent scrutiny as that of the President. "The fierce light that beats upon a throne" is that in which he lives. He is beset with slanders. But those who invent the falsehoods to injure him do not seem to see that the President is the gainer by every one that is exposed.

SHALL THE JUDGES BE APPOINTED?

THE most important question at issue in the New York election is the constitutional amendment providing for the appointment of judges. And one of the most urgent reasons why the Democratic party should be defeated is that its Tammany leadership has declared against the amendment. It wishes to preserve the system under which it has blessed us with BARNARD, CARDOZO, and M'CUNN, and which has made the words "New York law" contemptible. The time for consideration is very short, and Mr. DORMAN B. EATON has done a signal public service in writing a brief pamphlet, which exhausts the argument in favor of appointment. He disposes conclusively of the objections, which were all heard in the Constitutional Convention when the project was submitted. He leaves nothing whatever of the absurd plea that it takes the election from the people. Who takes it? The people themselves. It is one of the highest proofs of the excellence of a popular government that experience shows the great mass of the people entirely willing and anxious to limit their power. They know that they may be swept away by passion, or wheedled by designing demagogues of all kinds to harm their own permanent interests; and they often, therefore, decree that certain officers, whose selection ought to be as unaffected as possible by unworthy considerations, shall be made by appointment instead of by popular election.

The one class of officers which it is most desirable to protect from the heat of party spirit is the judicial. If the appeal is made to occasional experience, and it is urged that good judges are often elected, Mr. EATON replies—and there is no answer—that happy accidents do not justify an evil system. It is our duty as good citizens to establish the system which reason and experience approve as most likely to give us the most impartial judiciary. The recent dickerings and attempted trading between the Tammany and the Apollo Hall Democrats show us to what perils an elective judiciary is exposed. Half a dozen professional politicians undertake to barter nominations to the bench. The theory and the practice of Tammany, with the admirable pamphlet of Mr. EATON, should secure the adoption of the amendment.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

THE panic in Wall Street appears to have spent itself, at least for the present. The lowest prices of the season were touched on Wednesday morning, October 15, when a large quantity of stocks hypothecated at bank was sold to raise money. It is understood that the bulk of these securities was owned by individuals in the intimate confidence of the banks which had loaned money upon them, and that nothing but the direst necessity compelled the banks to insist on payment of the loans. How tremendous were the losses involved by the sacrifice can be inferred from the following table, showing the shrinkage in the value of a few leading stocks during the month ending October 15:

Stocks.	Average price before the panic.	Price October 15.	Shrinkage.
Central & Hudson....	103	82	$19,000,000
Lake Shore............	92	57	17,500,000
Western Union.......	90	45	16,500,000
Wabash...............	65	23	5,100,000
St. Paul...............	50	22	4,000,000
St. Paul, Preferred....	75	48	3,000,000
Northwestern.........	65	25	5,200,000
Northwestern, Pref'd.	80	59	5,500,000
Rock Island..........	110	80	6,000,000

If the list were extended so as to include stocks not so generally quoted as those above mentioned, it would be easy to figure up an aggregate shrinkage or obliteration of values of not less than two hundred millions of dollars; and if to this were added the depreciation in the market value of bonds which were readily salable up to September, and were available as collateral security for loans, but which now can not be sold at all, and are utterly scouted by money-lenders, we should probably arrive at the conclusion that since the panic began property to the amount of not less than four hundred millions of dollars has been, for the present at least, as completely wiped out and extinguished as if it had been consumed by fire or drowned by a flood. Of course, as confidence returns, this property, or a portion of it, will recover its market value. But in the mean time the people who owned it in the dreadful month ending on October 15 have been compelled to part with it to pay their debts, and have lost this tremendous sum of money—more than the annual revenue of the United States. This means that a score or more of the magnates of Wall Street, who have been variously estimated at from two to ten millions apiece, are now a little uncertain whether or no they have any thing left, and that a great crowd of brokers who have been in comfortable circumstances, and a still greater crowd of speculators who have always had money at their bankers', have no doubt at all that they are completely ruined. The stocks and bonds may and will react, but there is no recovery possible for the men who are beggared and have nothing left to build upon in the future.

In an article published in this journal a very few days before the panic began, a note of warning was cautiously sounded. If, in that article, it had been even hinted that in the coming tornado such men as JAY COOKE, DANIEL DREW, HOWES & MACY, G. B. GRINNELL, and FISK & HATCH would probably fail and become bankrupts, the idea would have seemed utterly absurd and monstrous. If it had been suggested that within three weeks all the banks of the leading cities would suspend, and be saved from receiverships solely by the forbearance of the Comptroller of the Currency, how ridiculous the suggestion would have appeared!

The danger which remains now to be met and overcome arises from the position of the banks and their mercantile customers. Broad Street has liquidated, made its losses, and can not probably suffer much more. Stocks have gone into the hands of people who could pay for them, and the brokers are at rest. But it is not so with the banks and the merchants. The former are in a state of suspension. When the run began, on September 20, the only chance of salvation for the banks was in the forty-four million reserve. If it had been announced that that fund was at the service of the banks, in case of necessity, the run would have ceased, and confidence would have soon been restored. It would not, in all probability, have been necessary to issue a dollar of the forty-four millions. As the experience of the Bank of England has many times proved, the mere announcement that all the money required would be forth-coming would have put an end to the demand for greenbacks. Unfortunately for the banks, the President could not see his way to issue this reserve without violation of law. The consequence was that on Monday, September 22, the associated banks suspended greenback payments. Now, when a bank refuses to pay out greenbacks, it can not expect to receive them on deposit. Hence, though the government disbursed twelve millions of dollars in the week ending September 27 in the purchase of bonds, and though large amounts of currency have since come in from the country, hardly a dollar has gone into bank except on special deposit. No one is willing to put real money into a bank which declines to pay real money out. The greenback reserve of the associated banks, which ought to be forty millions of dollars, has been for nearly a month less than twelve, and at the close of last week was understood to be less than six millions. From day to day the newspapers cheer people with the announcement that the banks are "gaining greenbacks." But so long as they decline to pay them out, and legal tender money commands a premium, however small, it is perfectly clear that such gains must be imaginary.

Where this will end it is not easy to foresee. In the like emergency the Bank of England and the Bank of France have on more than one occasion gone into the market and bought money. If our city banks should buy up at the prevailing small premium some twenty millions of legal tender notes, they might resume payments. But so long as the Comptroller of the Currency winks at their insolvency, it is likely that they will not incur the expense. It is proverbial that the New York city banks have never risen to the comprehension of a financial crisis. As in 1837, in 1857, in 1861, so it is in 1873.

When the President refused to issue the forty-four million reserve, the banks hastily agreed to save themselves for the time by issuing twenty millions of Clearing-house certificates, to be used, as the President suggested, in aid of the mercantile community. Loans on stocks were ruthlessly called in, and Broad Street was ruined. But in the last week of September the merchants were fairly accommodated with discounts. This did not last long. The city bank deposits began to fall, until in the first week of October they were not over $146,000,000, as against $210,000,000 a month before. Meanwhile the general derangement of financial affairs throughout the country put an end to collections. Merchants who had sold goods to the country found it impossible to get money from their debtors. A few premonitory failures warned the banks that mercantile paper was not invariably safe. By the second week of October, partly from dread of losses, and partly from an absolute lack of means, they refused to discount for merchants so generally that the best acceptances sold at twenty per cent. per annum; the importers were unable to buy exchange on London at 105 per cent.; and commercial bills were offered at 102 without buyers.

Thus stand affairs at present. The banks can not pay their depositors in real money. Merchants can not get discounts or buy exchange. England is sending us gold by the million to buy food. But all the gold in the world will not replenish the bank reserve with legal tenders, nor will it avail to prevent just as extensive disasters among the merchants as have occurred among the brokers if the prevailing want of confidence in the banks lasts a couple of weeks longer.

HOW TO DO IT.

THE Republicans of the First Senatorial District in this State have shown their intention to command success by a most admirable nomination. They have by acclamation selected as their candidate the Hon. JOHN A. KING, son of the late Governor, and grandson of RUFUS KING, a gentleman who inherits the character and patriotism which have made his family name so distinguished in the political history of New York and of the country. The Senatorial district, which is the same as the Congressional, has been usually Democratic. But last year it happily elected a Republican Representative in Congress, the Hon. HENRY J. SCUDDER, a man of the same spotless character as Mr. KING. The election of the latter would not only give the district a most devoted and efficient Senator, but with such a Congressional Representative and State Senator the district would furnish the best possible arguments why the Republican party should remain in power.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Iowa State elections were held October 14. Although the returns are not yet complete, sufficient is known to award the victory in each State to the Republicans, except as to Governor of Ohio, in which instance the Democrats barely succeeded in electing their candidate, Allen.

The damage done by the terrible storm of August 24 is thus summed up in the Signal-office reports from Washington: One thousand and thirty-two vessels, of which four hundred and thirty-five were small fishing schooners, are known to have been destroyed during the 24th and 25th of August in the neighborhood of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Atlantic shores of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, and Newfoundland. In addition to this large number over ninety vessels were destroyed by the same storm in its course before reaching Nova Scotia, making a grand total of at least 1122 vessels destroyed within a few days. Two hundred and twenty-three lives are definitely reported as lost, and the most moderate estimate of the numerous cases in which whole crews are stated to have been lost swells this number to nearly five hundred, while if to this be added the loss of life on land and in the earlier history of the cyclone, the grand total amounts to at least six hundred lives. The records also show that about nine hundred buildings were injured or totally destroyed on the same dates by this storm.

President Grant has ordered, through the War Department, that all soldiers who have deserted their colors, and who shall, on or before the 1st day of January, 1874, surrender themselves at any military station, shall receive a full pardon, only forfeiting the pay and allowances due them at the time of desertion, and shall be restored to duty without trial or punishment, on condition that they faithfully serve through the term of their enlistment.

The 27th of November has been appointed by President Grant as a day of national thanksgiving.

Charles H. Phelps, cashier in the New York State Treasury Department, is reported to be a defaulter in the sum of $300,000.

A collision occurred on the North River, October 15, between the yacht *Julia*, of the New Jersey Club, and the ferry-boat *Pavonia*. Commodore Morton of the yacht was struck by the steamer's paddle and drowned.

A large fire near Omaha, October 14, burned over twenty-five miles of country. Ten children, many houses, and a considerable quantity of grain were consumed by the flames.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Right Hon. Edmund Hammond has been succeeded by Lord Tenterden as Under-Secretary of State for the Foreign Department of the British government.

Orders have been given by the German ministers of Commerce and the Interior for the expulsion of emigrant agents from Germany.

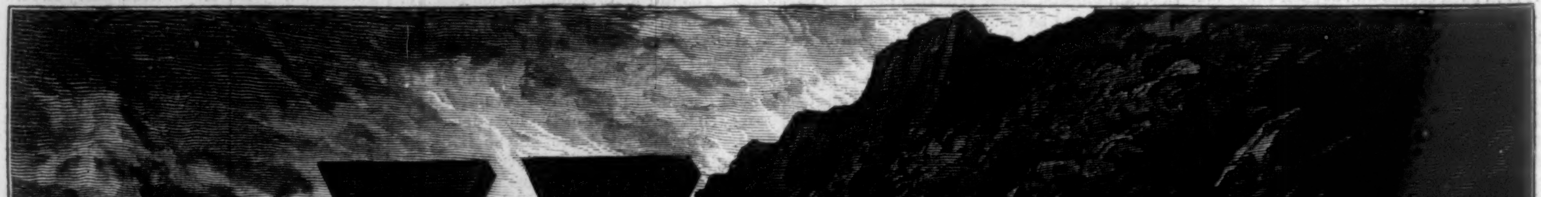
Over $2,000,000 in bullion was shipped from England for New York October 14, nearly $800,000 on the day following, and over $370,000 on the day thereafter.

Admiral Lobo has been removed for taking his squadron to Gibraltar to coal without orders from the Spanish government.

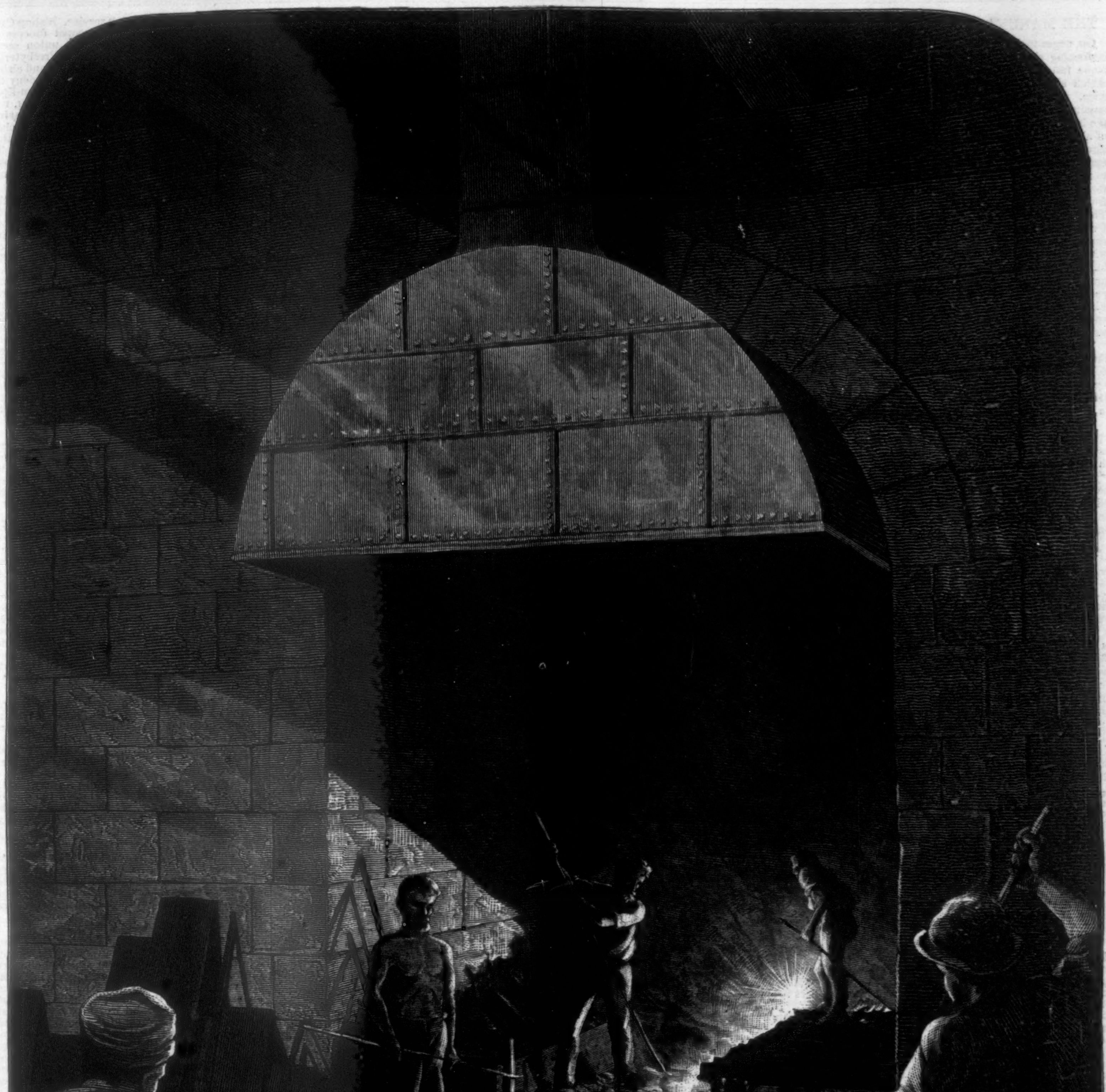
The Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs recently sent abroad a circular memorandum giving a one-sided account of an Austrian consul's conduct in Bosnia, and complaining of the reception of Prince Milan of Servia in Vienna. The Austrian government has taken offense, and a note from the Porte expressing regret at the issue of the memorandum is looked for with some anxiety.

Thirty-seven villages in the Chinese province of Shansee were swept away by a flood recently, and great loss of life and property was the result.

THE MANUFACTURE OF IRON—FILLING THE FURNACE.



THE MANUFACTURE OF IRON—CARTING AWAY THE SCORIÆ.—DRAWN BY TAVERNIER AND FRENZENY.—[SEE PAGE 966.]



THE MANUFACTURE OF IRON—TAPPING THE FURNACE.—Drawn by Tavernier and Frenzeny.—[See Page 966.]

THE MANUFACTURE OF IRON.

On pages 964 and 965 will be found several interesting sketches giving some of the picturesque features of iron manufacture. The first sketch shows the process of filling a blast-furnace. The furnace itself is a solid and massive structure, generally of granite, lined inside with the hardest fire-brick, capable of sustaining heat of almost inconceivable intensity. These structures vary in height from fifty to one hundred feet, and in diameter from thirty to fifty feet, according to the amount of work they are intended to perform. When properly constructed they will last from fifteen to twenty years, in constant use. The top of the furnace resembles a large platform, with a large opening, as shown in the sketch, surmounted by a chimney-like cylinder furnished with doors, through which the material is thrown in. The process of filling goes on day and night, ore, limestone, and coal being thrown in in proportions required by different qualities of ore. Flames and gases escape continually from these openings, and at night the illumination is often strikingly picturesque.

The second sketch shows the carting away of the scoriæ, or refuse of the furnace. This is done either by teams or by steam-power. The scoriæ when cool assume a reddish-gray color. Huge piles of this refuse material may be seen in every iron-manufacturing district.

Tapping a furnace, shown in our third sketch, presents an extremely interesting and picturesque sight. The melted metal rushes out through the main channel with a roaring, hissing sound, and is dispersed through minor channels into the several rows of moulds, until all are filled. The castings are removed when cooled, and new moulds are made in the sand to receive another cast.

NEW YORK HARBOR.

As few of our readers would care to undergo the fatigue of climbing to the top of the Brooklyn tower of the great suspension-bridge, which is to make the two cities one, they will thank us for giving them, in our illustration on page 968, a pictorial representation of a part of the magnificent panorama visible from that dizzy elevation. The lower part of New York city, with its crowded piers, the beautiful harbor, with its islands and craft of every size and kind, form a picture of surpassing interest. The bridge itself will, when completed, be one of the wonders of the world. In this connection the following statement of its dimensions will be read with interest:

Length of river span	1595 feet.
Length of each land span	935 "
Length of New York approach	1562 "
Length of Brooklyn approach	971 "
Total length from terminus to terminus	5998 "
Width of bridge	85 "
Depth of foundation below high water	78 "
Height of roadway above high water	119 "
Height of towers above roadway	149 "
Total height of towers above high water	268 "
Total height of tower from foundation to top	346 "

PERSONAL.

Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie is made the subject of a recent number of Colonel Forney's second series of "Anecdotes of Public Men," telling us where and how he was educated, how he got to writing for the newspapers, and much more that is interesting. Colonel Forney says: Since Dr. Mackenzie began to write, some forty-five years ago, he always drew on his memory, so much so that when he sat down to the desk all that he had ever read or heard of a subject appeared to stand before him like well-arranged materials, and the fabric, so to say, appeared to rise as he wrote, without difficulty or delay. "Whatever success I have had as an author," he says in a note to me, "I attribute to my determination to write in the plainest and least ornamental manner, to avoid the unnecessary use of adjectives and adverbs, and not to waste time upon a subject that I did not understand. My school-master's constant counsel was: 'Avoid fine writing. When you produce any thing particularly flowery be sure to blot out all that does not carry the reader straight on to the conclusion you wished him to reach.'" There are few persons in America who can so promptly and accurately furnish information of contemporaneous persons and events in Europe or this country as Dr. Mackenzie. The "Old Stager" of *Harper's Magazine* might be a little more full as to American celebrities, but, take the two continents, and the doctor could hardly be surpassed.

—Senator Sumner, yielding to the solicitations of his friends, has determined not to lecture during the present season. It was urged that the strain upon his system would be almost certain to impair his health, and thus cast uncertainty upon the completion and publication of his works during his lifetime. Whenever he appears in public, as at his recent introduction of Mr. Edward Jenkins to a Boston audience, he is received with all the old enthusiasm, and, notwithstanding his political course during the past two or three years, he is probably to-day as strong with the people of Massachusetts as he ever was.

—The New York correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* gives the following pleasant bit of gossip concerning the author of "Betsey and I Are Out." "Mr. Will Carleton may consider it a lucky pen which wrote his *Farm Ballads*, for 25,000 copies of them have been already sold. 'Petroleum Nasby' tells how near they came to being lost to humanity in his waste-barrel. 'Betsey and I Are Out' was first sent to the Toledo *Blade* in Mr. Locke's absence, and his alternative, the serious partner, looked at the verses, and threw them in the waste-basket, which, as P. N. says, 'happened to be a barrel.' When he came home, Mr. Locke went fishing in the barrel, and the first thing he pulled out was this poem, which happened to catch his eye. Whereupon the senior partner mildly inquired, in tones of thunder, 'Dock, don't you know any better than to throw away such stuff as that? We'd better print it.' The last verse was lost in the fragments, and the editor wrote to Mr. Carleton, asking him to complete it. But he kept no copy—which marks him a born poet, in my way of thinking—and had to compose an ending, which don't leave much doubt in the minds of the Toledo *Blade* people who is the real author of the ballad. By-the-way, when 'Carleton' Coffin, of the Boston *Journal*, was at Saratoga, people were saying he didn't look much like the man to claim Nancy Emerson's verses, and they thought he ought to be the rightful owner of 'Betsey and I Are Out,' even if he wasn't. I beg leave to submit this as a final offering to the contro-verse-y."

—Mr. Thurlow Weed has completed the manuscript of the first volume of his autobiography. During the past few weeks he has been so fortunate as to have the assistance of Mr. Frederick W. Seward, for several years editorially associated with him in the Albany *Journal*, and thus aided, Mr. Weed has been able to make great progress with his work. It will cover a greater period of time and have a wider scope than the agreeable volume of Colonel Forney, the *Magazine* sketches of Mr. Parmelee (the "Old Stager"), or the *Memories of Many Men*, by Mr. Maunsell B. Field, soon to be published by Harper & Brothers. It will give in authentic form the secret why and wherefore of many of the leading political events of the last fifty years, enlivened by anecdotes of men who during that period have been eminent in the political, scientific, legal, literary, and artistic circles of Europe and America.

—Mr. Thomas Nast has met with marked success as a lecturer. In Lewiston, Maine, where he appeared a few evenings since, the people were delighted with his speaking as well as his sketching. During the lecture he frequently sketched in color-crayons upon a large screen by his side. This he did in a rapid and, to the average observer, an incomprehensible manner. A great blotch of vermilion, a net-work of white streaks, a little burnt sienna, and a few charcoal strokes, and behold! ex-President Johnson, crowned, ermined, and snuffing a veto from afar. Next, a lurid mass of red, a dash here, a dab there, a wipe all around, and like a full moon out came the face of General B. F. Butler. Finally, a rapid grotesque picture of himself, in night-cap and night-shirt, lighting himself to bed.

—The lecture of Mr. Wilkie Collins, delivered in Albany and other towns of this State, has proved, as was anticipated, a success. After hearing his *Dream Woman*, the editor of the *Argus* says, "Sometimes we felt almost like children afraid to go home after a ghost-story, so awful, so truthful, and so real seemed the hostler; for it seemed no longer Mr. Collins who was telling the terrible tale of his fated life." Apropos of Mr. Collins's visit to this country, his American publishers, Harper & Brothers, are about to issue a new edition of his works in library 12mo. A fine steel portrait, by Halpin, will form a frontispiece to the first volume. The house wrote to Mr. Collins, some months before his voyage, asking that he should have the most satisfactory photograph he could get taken for this purpose, and that he should himself place this in the hands of the English portrait engraver whose work would best suit him. Mr. Collins returned a photograph, with answer that he knew of no English engravers who were now doing satisfactory work of this sort, and that he preferred that the engraving should be made by the engraver of the admirable portrait of Mr. James Harper, one of Halpin's best works. This is a pleasing practical compliment to American engravers.

—Messrs. Breslin, Pursell, & Co. have, with characteristic liberality, telegraphed to the Mayor of Memphis to draw on them for five hundred dollars to aid the sufferers by yellow fever in that city.

—It happens at the present moment that some of the wittiest writers on the French press are gentlemen of undoubted obesity. Messieurs Francisque Sarcey, Louis Albach, and Charles Monslet are so remarkable for their size that it was proposed toward the end of the siege that they should be sent to Versailles to treat with Prince Bismarck, and prove by the rotundity of their forms that the inhabitants were not starving. The wittiest man of the government of that epoch was undoubtedly M. Ernest Picard, always qualified by his political adversaries as "Ce gros Picard." General Vinoy complained in his evidence before a parliamentary committee that when he went to transact business with ministers he was much shocked at generally finding them laughing at the stories of M. Ernest Picard. M. Jules Janin is also exceedingly stout, and so was that elegant writer, Théophile Gautier, lately deceased.

—"Coming events" have already cast their shadow before in the case of the Duke of Edinburgh, the Emperor of Russia having appointed his future son-in-law commander of the second battalion of marines of the Black Sea fleet.

—Ex-Senator Foote, of Mississippi, who has lately been contributing reminiscences of men and things to the Washington *Chronicle*, has determined to reproduce them in book form. While less racy and epigrammatic than the reminiscences of Colonel Forney, they are nevertheless clever, and will furnish good material for the future historian.

—The late Rev. Dr. Samuel Seabury, one of the ablest theologians that the Episcopal Church of this country has produced, has been appropriately remembered by the parishioners of the Church of the Annunciation, in Fourteenth Street, of which he was many years the rector. They have placed in the wall of the church a mural monument twelve feet high and four feet wide. Under the peak of the tablet is an admirable medallion likeness of the deceased. Altogether it is a beautiful work of art.

—The Rev. Dr. Putnam, of Boston, who for forty-three years has been pastor of the First Unitarian Church in that city, recently resigned on account of ill health. The society requested him not to press his resignation, but said they would gladly release him from all pastoral responsibility. They were unwilling to sunder the relations that had so long and agreeably existed between them. So the good old doctor will glide down the hill as cheerfully as is possible on full pay.

—One of the finest country-houses in America—that built at Newport by Mr. Barreda, late Peruvian minister—has just been bought by Mr. William T. Blodgett, of this city. The edifice is of large size, built of brick, with a brick wall all around the spacious inclosure, the rear part of which abuts on the ocean. It is supposed that the place, including buildings and improvements, must have cost at least $500,000.

—It is said that Mr. Froude has written to a gentleman in this city that all he made by his lectures in this country, after paying expenses and his passage home, was $500. If that is the fact, somebody else must have made a good deal of money; for his lectures were largely attended, and the "deceased heads" few. Mr. Bellew took back to England as the fruit of his winter's work about $10,000 gold, and Mr. Edmund Yates about $6000.

—Vice-President Wilson feels that his health is completely restored—at all events, he has so written to a friend in Washington—and that at the opening of Congress he will assume his place as presiding officer of the Senate.

—One of the few good Indians left for the pale-face to mourn over was Captain Samuel George, late chief of the Onondaga tribe, whose funeral took place a few days since near Syracuse. He was seventy-eight. Bishop Huntington officiated, assisted by the three Episcopal clergymen of Syracuse, and at the cemetery the bishop delivered an address praising the character and career of Captain George. In the course of his remarks he related that in the war of 1812 George was employed by the government as a runner, and in this capacity, while carrying dispatches for the commanding officer of Fort Niagara to Canandaigua, he performed the almost incredible feat of running a distance of 115 miles between the rise and set of sun, and returning the same distance on the next day. Captain George was also a great hunter, and his long life was full of history, incidents, and usefulness to his people.

—The late Duke of Brunswick had small honor paid to his memory by the Lutheran minister of Geneva, who had to preach his funeral sermon. He uttered no word of praise or blame of the defunct, but accepted the death as proof that no pedigree could establish a distinction between men born of the same earth, of the same blood; for whom would it be possible to make this distinction more than for this last scion of the elder branch of those Guelphs, who have signalized their passage in history for the last thousand years, and occupied many thrones in Europe? The single grace the duke had which brought him within the range of human sympathies, his extraordinary lineage, was mentioned, without a single word in extenuation of his character. It appears, by-the-way, that the duke disinherited the Prince Imperial because of Sedan, which settled the question whether Napoleon would or would not keep his written promise, if he ever had the power, to reseat Duke Charles upon the throne of Brunswick. The treaty was made when both were exiles.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The closing services of the Evangelical Alliance corresponded with its auspicious opening. The several meetings appointed for Sunday evening were attended by not less than fifteen thousand persons; other thousands were unable to gain admittance. In the Academy of Music, after brief speeches, as announced, by foreign delegates, the farewell address was given by Dr. Schenck, a closing prayer was offered by Dr. Adams, and the benediction was pronounced by Bishop Janes of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Thus ended one of the most extraordinary religious assemblies ever convened in the United States. Over one hundred papers were announced on the programme, nearly all of which were read or delivered before the Conference. Besides these, numerous addresses were made by missionaries and other distinguished representatives of the Christian churches here and abroad. On Monday, October 13, the foreign delegates were taken to Philadelphia, under the care of George H. Stuart, Esq., where they were bountifully entertained. On Tuesday they proceeded to Washington by special train, where they were presented to the President and his cabinet. At the Presidential mansion the delegates were introduced by Dr. O. H. Tiffany; prayer was offered by the Dean of Canterbury, after which the delegates were presented personally to the President. Both at Philadelphia and Washington large meetings were held.

The political significance of the visit of Victor Emanuel to Vienna and Berlin is fully appreciated by the ultramontane organs. One of them, the *Vaterland*, of Vienna, appeared in mourning on the day of the King's arrival in that city, and was in consequence confiscated by the government. The ultramontane confraternity of the "Archangel Michael" undertook to summon the people to a grand mass on September 20, in memory of the papal soldiers who fell in the defense of Rome, but the Austrian government interfered, and the mass was postponed.

The war between the government of Brazil and the Roman Catholic Bishop of Pernambuco still goes on. The time fixed by the government for the removal of the interdict upon the churches expired July 22. On the 23d, the bishop not yielding, the interdicted churches were opened by government order, with much popular demonstration. The priests, however, side with the bishop, and no religious service can be performed. The government has tried in vain to induce them to execute its order to perform needed religious offices, such as the burial of the dead. A legal prosecution has now been begun.

The "Free Religious Association" began its first meeting in New York on Tuesday, October 14. Mr. Oliver Johnson, in opening, stated that the association is entirely creedless, and invites Christians and infidels, Mohammedans, and in short all classes of men, to its membership. The address of the day was made by the Rev. O. B. Frothingham. He argued that Protestantism has run its course, and that Spiritualism is destined to become the religion of America. Both Mr. Frothingham and the speakers who followed him made repeated references to the late Conference of the Evangelical Alliance. The Association continued in session three days.

Bishop Tozer, late of Zanzibar, has written a letter to Bishop Potter, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York, protesting against the participation by the Dean of Canterbury in a Presbyterian communion service. Bishop Cummins, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Kentucky, who took part in a union sacramental service at Dr. John Hall's Presbyterian church, has replied to Bishop Tozer, and claims that "the Church of England does not deny the validity of the orders of ministers of non-Episcopal churches." The Rev. J. H. Drumm, rector of St. James's Church, Bristol, Pennsylvania, has replied to Bishop Cummins, and challenges the accuracy of his statement in relation to the orders of non-Episcopal ministers. To this Bishop Cummins has made a spirited rejoinder. The discussion promises to be interesting.

The Roman Catholics of England are in the very best spirits over the success of their pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial. They think that their faith will now be more influential in England than ever before. The whole number of pilgrims, according to Mr. Cook, was 1360, though the number starting from the harbor of Newhaven, as stated in this Intelligence, was 800. Some had gone in advance of this company, and others started from another port. According to the London *Times*, many of the company were from the ranks of Protestantism. Its correspondent says that "there were Oxford and Cambridge 'converts' in abundance, men who had once held fellowships in the universities, and those who had been country rectors and vicars in former years, and who thirty years ago could little have been looking forward to such a work as that in which they were now engaged."

Even an archbishop may get into a tight place, and his grace of the province of York has, once at least, found it easier to enter a pulpit than to make his way out again. Being about to preach in the parish church of Bradford before the British Association, the archbishop "on entering the pulpit stood so much above his manuscript that he proceeded to lower himself by flinging out a ponderous cushion that lay at his feet. This, however, did not suffice, for he had to summon an anxious verger to take away some boarding. In order that this might be effected, however, his grace had to get out of the pulpit and wait in the chancel. Finally, when he had completed his work, and the service was at an end, he found it impossible to let himself out of the pulpit, so firmly was it secured, and it required the most violent exertions of two men to liberate the imprisoned primate, who, it is needless to say, bore the series of grotesque incidents with an equanimity becoming a philosopher."

The pamphlet of Professor De Lavaleye, of Liege, on the *Clerical Party in Belgium*, presents evidence of an enormous growth of Romanism in that kingdom. In 1846 the number of monks and nuns was 9917; in 1856, 12,247; in 1866, 15,203. There are 178 convents for men, and 1138 for women. M. De Lavaleye has made a list of 130 convents, whose total property is estimated at 23,297,964 francs. Though the Catholics are now in power, yet the liberals are making steady progress, and will, if successful, separate the church from the state.

It is currently reported that the O'Keeffe case is on the point of settlement. Father O'Keeffe has had a friendly interview with his bishop, and a diocesan council has been called to arrange the terms for the ending of the long dispute between the priest and his ecclesiastical superior.

The correspondent of the London *Guardian*, who has attended the Congress at Constance, expresses the opinion that the Old Catholics are following rapidly in the footsteps of Luther. He writes: "To hear a Catholic priest declaim against the Pope and pilgrimages, against the mass-book and saint worship, against trust in externals and neglect of the Scriptures, and this in the Council Hall of Constance, is a wonderful sign of the times. The impression with which I have come away from this meeting—and it is not a new impression—is that the priests are far in advance of the laity, and that there is no lasting hope for the Old Catholic movement except in thorough-going reform. We have listened to-day to language such as Luther might have spoken, and truly Old Catholics are fast traveling in Luther's way."

The priest here referred to was Professor Messmmer, of Munich. In an address full of fire he asked: "What would a Jew say if he went to one of our shrines, and saw a poor creature solemnly carrying a red or white candle, and then kneeling before pictures and muttering his prayers? What would he say when he saw in the holy Rome another kissing the toe of a brazen image, or religiously rubbing his head against the feet of a statue? Why, in such things we are far behind a Jew: before him we must hide our heads in shame."

This is certainly plain speaking.

A grand pilgrimage to Jerusalem by French Catholics is now in contemplation, to be under the direction of the Archbishop of Paris. The pilgrims will be for the most part from the Faubourg St. Germain, and will start from Marseilles during the present month.

In the spirit of true Christian charity the Mennonites in the United States are now raising funds wherewith to bring over their brethren from Russia who are unable to pay their own way. The amount needed is estimated at $20,000 to $30,000.

The remains of Bishop Randall, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Colorado, were sent upon their way from Denver to Warren, Rhode Island, with every demonstration of respect. Bishop Randall was a most earnest and laborious preacher and administrator. His work in Colorado will long be remembered.

Among the interesting events of the recent meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions at Minneapolis was a session of the Women's Board of Missions. Most of the addresses here were delivered by ladies who have been long in the mission field. Mrs. Rhea, of the Persia Mission, expressed the opinion that the famine in Persia would be the means of extending Christianity in that kingdom. She said that "American money bought Persia bread; American missionaries' hands distributed it, telling the poor people, first, midst,

and last, of the Bread of Life; and not alone the earthly but the heavenly bread was tasted and eaten, and souls as well as bodies were nourished. The famine was the Gospel wedge to the Persian empire."

The Wesleyans of England are now engaged in two very laudable enterprises. One is a scheme for the building of chapels in the small towns and villages of England. Sir FRANCIS LYCETT (who contributed £50,000 to the extension of Wesleyan chapel building in London), has, in association with another Wesleyan layman, projected a scheme for the raising of £250,000 to be devoted to this purpose. The second enterprise is the raising of a fund of £100,000 for the relief of worn-out ministers. The Rev. JOHN RATTENBURY has undertaken the task of securing this sum of money.

The ecclesiastical revolution in Switzerland is of the most thorough description. The new law on the civil constitution of the Roman Catholic Church, adopted by the Grand Council of the Canton of Geneva, contains the following provisions: "First, there is a partially new circumscription of the parishes, the three parishes in the city of Geneva being now for the first time recognized; the salaries are somewhat raised; and the receipt of stole dues is strictly forbidden. Next, the curés and vicaires are to be elected by the Catholics who are on the Cantonal list of electors, no one person being allowed to vote in the election of two religious denominations. Next, at each vacancy a roll is to be prepared, on which all 'ordained Catholic priests' may enter their names as candidates. No curés or vicaires may, without the sanction of the Council of State, exercise any functions or accept any ecclesiastical dignities higher than those conferred by election. Before their installation they are all to take the following oath: 'I swear before God that I will strictly conform myself to the constitutional and legislative dispositions concerning the organization of the Catholic worship of the republic, and will observe all the prescriptions of the Cantonal and Federal constitutions and laws. I further swear that I will do nothing against the safety and peace of the state; that I will preach to my parishioners submission to the laws, the respect due to magistrates, and union with all their fellow-citizens.'"

According to the London *Tablet*, "the Commission occupied in the revision of the constitution, in the National Council at Bern, has settled its draft of the three articles which principally concern the Church, and according to the version published by the *Journal de Genève*, these articles abolish entirely all ecclesiastical jurisdiction, forbid the erection of any bishopric without the consent of the state, prohibit the foundation of convents and the restoration of those already suppressed, as well as the reception of novices by those which are still in existence, generalize the law of civil marriage, exact certificates of studies from every ecclesiastic before he can exercise his functions, place all cemeteries under the exclusive control of the civil authorities, throwing them open to all deceased inhabitants of the commune, and lastly, enact that no diplomatic representative of 'a foreign ecclesiastical power' can be accredited to the confederation."

These sweeping changes will entirely alter the status of the Roman Catholic Church in Switzerland.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE interest in the study of nebulæ, which received so strong an impetus by the construction of the great reflectors of HERSCHEL and others, continues to be fostered by the perpetual attention given to those bodies by the possessors of the giant refractors and reflectors of the present day. Perhaps no celestial object, except the sun, has been during the past few years examined with more interest than the great nebula surrounding *Eta Argus*. This nebula was first carefully examined by Sir JOHN HERSCHEL, in 1834 to 1839, when it was quite invisible to the naked eye, and his drawings and descriptions contain our first exact knowledge of this object, which can only be well seen from the extreme southern observatories. No special drawing seems to have been made by other astronomers until 1862, when Mr. ABBOTT, an amateur residing at Hobart-Town, Tasmania, made drawings, which he has since then frequently verified and repeated; and in 1865 he announced the fact that great changes had taken place and were in progress in this nebula. So unexpected and novel were the ideas thus promulgated that they found very few adherents, the more so as Mr. ABBOTT was little known, and his telescope was of but moderate power. Indeed, a very unpleasant and uncalled-for feeling arose, as if Mr. ABBOTT had questioned the accuracy of HERSCHEL'S elaborate drawings, which he in no wise did. In the midst of this discussion there arrived at Melbourne the magnificent four-foot reflector that had given such perfect satisfaction in England at its trial, and of whose powers so much was to be expected. The result of the examination of *Eta Argus* was in the highest degree disappointing, which may have been partly owing to a deterioration of the reflecting surface of the great mirror, and probably was also somewhat due to the peculiarities of the atmosphere of Melbourne and to the inexperience of the observers. Indeed, Mr. ABBOTT, who visited Melbourne for the special purpose, states that he was much surprised himself on seeing *Eta Argus* in such a small field of view with so large an instrument, whence we infer that it had appeared very different when viewed through his own telescope. The drawings of Lieutenant A. S. HERSCHEL, made at Bangalore in 1868, and the report of LE SUEUR, the first observer in charge of the Melbourne telescope, in 1871, seemed to further complicate the question of the reality of a change in the nebula. But the present observer at Melbourne, Mr. M'GEORGE, the director, Mr. ELLERY, and also the government astronomer of New South Wales, Mr. RUSSELL, have each made drawings with his telescope, and these, with the drawings of Mr. ABBOTT, made in 1871, fully establish the existence of great changes, as follows: 1. The brightness of the nebula has increased so much that it has become visible to the naked eye. 2. The bright star *Eta Argus* is now thrown upon a darker background instead of being in the brightest part of the nebula. 3. Numerous stars are now present which were not before visible. 4. The brightness of a number of stars that were before much fainter than the principal star has increased.

Mr. ABBOTT states that in the same field of view with *Eta Argus* there are now twenty-four stars of the sixth, seventh, and eighth magnitudes, and an immense number of fainter ones. The most recent communication by Mr. ABBOTT on this subject summarizes the results of his observations as follows: In the eye draft of the object *Eta Argus*, February, 1873, the principal stars appear to have retained their relative position as shown in the drawings of last year. The dark spaces are extending and becoming more undefined, gradually filling up with small stars, of which there are now fully half as many more as were shown in last year's drawing.

The whole field of the telescope when directed to *Eta Argus* is studded with stars, from the seventh to the tenth magnitude, too numerous to count. In all probability before long photography will be applied to this and other portions of the dense nebulæ.

According to the Panama *Star and Herald*, the Fourth of July was marked in Peru by the ascent, on the part of a number of American gentlemen, of the highest peak of the Peruvian Andes. For some time past a party of American engineers has been engaged in cutting through the Summit or Galera tunnel, on the Oroya Railway, at the station near the town of Galera, which is perhaps the highest settlement in the world, and under which the tunnel is being pierced. This village is situated ninety-four miles from Lima, on the west slope of the Andes, and is 15,581 feet above the level of the sea. Quite a large party on this occasion made the ascent, and planted upon it the flags of the United States and of Peru, the flag-staffs being of iron, which will probably retain their places for a reasonable length of time.

The altitude as determined by the boiling-point of water, corrected by the barometer, was 17,751 feet; by the thermometer, it was a few feet less; but from actual levels and triangulation it was fixed at 17,574, showing a remarkable agreement between the indications of the portable thermometrical apparatus and the more accurate indications of the level.

At 2 o'clock P.M. the thermometer indicated 36° above zero, F., and the barometer an atmospheric pressure of eight pounds to the square inch.

Important additions to meteorological science are expected from the records taken in Galera, under the direction of Dr. E. L. BISSELL and Mr. H. B. TOBIAS, correspondents of the Smithsonian Institution.

We have already referred to the destruction by scurvy of the crews of the Norwegian fishing vessels in Spitzbergen during the past winter, and to the fact of the very different experience of the Swedish government expedition that wintered at Mossel Bay, only a single man having perished, and he from pulmonary disease. Their winter-quarters were in latitude 79° 53', longitude 16° 15' east, where a house was erected, and they were able to make themselves very comfortable. On the 4th of October they took possession of the house, the sun disappearing below the horizon on the 20th. Daylight continued until the latter part of November, when it was totally dark at midday. The health of the party was satisfactory until the rations were reduced in order to assist the starving fishing crews that had joined them by walking across the ice; but by means of the utmost care no permanent inconvenience was suffered.

The physical observations were continued during the winter, and some important notes were secured in regard to the spectrum of the auroral lights. Deep-sea collections were made both of animals and plants, and the general results, even should the expedition return prematurely, as anticipated, will doubtless be of scientific value.

News has been received at San Francisco from St. Michael's, in Norton Sound, to the 7th of July, bringing information that the weather had been unusually warm during the summer, and that every thing looked green and flourishing along the coast, the grass being knee-deep, and the trees laden with foliage. The fur business of the past winter was excellent, large numbers of valuable skins having been secured. An Indian agent in behalf of the government had visited St. Michael's, and then proceeded to the Yukon for the purpose of securing information as to the statistics and condition of the Indian tribes along that river.

The British Archæological Association held its annual meeting at Sheffield on the 18th of August last, under the presidency of the Duke of Norfolk. The papers read were of local antiquarian interest, and were listened to by large audiences.

It is stated that, in accordance with intimations made for some time past, Baron VON MÜLLER will leave the directorship of the Botanical Garden at Melbourne. This gentleman, by his unwearied efforts in behalf of the garden, and by his high accomplishments as a botanist and general naturalist, has given lustre to the establishment with which he has been connected; and if, as is suggested, his retirement is brought about by the disinclination of the government to support his plans of improvement (preferring to make the garden merely a place for growing ornamental plants for the vice-regal residence), it is a fact certainly much to the discredit of our antipodean neighbors.

The annual meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute took place at Liege on the 18th of August, and numerous papers of much technical interest were presented. The members were invited to hold their next meeting in the United States, though it was not stated whether this was actually decided upon.

An augury of the success of the measures now being taken to introduce the salmon into those waters of the United States that have hitherto been untenanted by them is shown in the results of the experiment in the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers. It is said that not unfrequently young salmon have been taken in the former river three or four inches in length, being the progeny of the eggs spawned at Bucksport, Maine, in October last, and hatched out near Easton, Pennsylvania, in the spring. We also learn that the young Sacramento salmon hatched out by Dr. SLACK, and placed in November last in the Susquehanna River near Harrisburg, have several times been taken of a length of seven or eight inches. They appear to be admirably well adapted to their present abode, and it is expected that their number in the Susquehanna will be greatly increased during the present autumn by a new stock soon to be forwarded by Mr. LIVINGSTON STONE from his establishment on the M'Cloud River, a tributary of the Upper Sacramento.

A bone cavern has lately been found in the cliffs to the southwest of the Bay of Kirkcudbright, on the coast of Scotland, which has been thoroughly explored, with the result of bringing to light numerous fragments of animals, such as the ox, red deer, goat, pig, horse, pine-marten, etc. Intermingled with them were fragments of bronze implements, bone needles, and other bone implements. A single piece only of wrought stone has been found, and, so far, no flint implements of any kind.

A writer in *Land and Water* attempts to solve the problem as to the unprecedented mortality among the Scottish grouse during the present season on the supposition that this is due to the great amount of rain during the last autumn and winter, which saturated the moors, and converted their soil into a kind of pulp. This prevented the grouse from obtaining a ready access to the fine silver sand, which, in his opinion, is an absolute requisite for the proper trituration in the stomach, and consequent digestion of the food. He says that the poor birds were driven to the banks of the streams in a vain effort to obtain this material, where they perished by hundreds, and that the water-courses in some places were obstructed by their carcasses. In addition to this there was a heavy snow-storm in May, which destroyed every nest and egg.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE sudden and severe financial pressure through which we have been passing—which, though lightened now, may recur, no one knows how soon or how heavily—ought to remind many families who have perhaps escaped misfortune this time to reconsider their modes of life, and prepare for seasons of hard times that may—that must—occur again. How many families there are who commence life with a moderate income, but sanguine expectations of a rapid increase, who adopt a style of living at the outset which engrosses all their means, and can not easily be reduced. They begin by expending all they receive, possibly by incurring debts, instead of immediately commencing to save something for the future. Their expectation is that, as years pass, increasing prosperity in business will give larger income, from the surplus of which they can save for sickness and old age. But the years which bring perhaps—perhaps not—an increase of income, rarely fail to bring increased responsibilities and additional demands. Children are born, and must be maintained. Friends and neighbors raise their own style of living, and create an apparent necessity for imitation. New wants arise, and dormant ambitions quicken and strengthen. Having once assumed a certain social position, and been accustomed to regulate their expenditures by what they want and enjoy, and by what they imagine is expected of them, rather than by what they can really afford, the heads of such a family feel that they can not make a change without bringing discredit upon themselves. They shrink from the very idea of doing any thing to cause their friends to think they have been unsuccessful in life. So they wear a cheerful face in public, while with calm despair they watch their growing load of debt, convinced that unless unexpected help come they must inevitably sink under it. Misfortunes do not come unexpectedly upon such households—they are simply borne down by an overwhelming weight. But the final shock finds them with warped natures and depressed spirits; and they vainly regret that they have lost substantial comfort and happiness themselves, and endangered the prospects of their children. Too often the husband and wife indulge in mutual recrimination; and, as a natural result, he becomes careless in habits and reckless in conduct, while she sinks into a listless, morbid, discontented state. Poverty soon sets its mark upon all the arrangements of such a household—poverty of the most painful kind, the shabby-genteel. It is far easier to fall into the condition of genteel poverty than to rise from it; though in America, where changes are easily made, where new avenues of industry are constantly opening, and new homes daily developing in Western regions, those who clearly see and resolutely abandon past errors may, if the capacity for useful work and frugal life is not lost, retrieve almost any condition more completely than would be possible in the fixed social conditions of European life. But how much better to commence aright, restricting early style and expenditure, thus securing from the beginning a gradual and steady accumulation!

The principal Centennial building at Philadelphia will probably occupy the eminence at George's Hill, in Fairmount Park. The other departments will stand in the beautiful meadows below and east of the hill, and will be approached by broad stairs, ornamented on each side by flowers.

How unkind! The St. Louis *Globe* says that "the world of science and of adventure will regret to note that the easterly currents on which Professor Wise relied to waft him in safety to Europe extend no farther than New Canaan, in Connecticut."

One Professor Allen recently ascended from the fair grounds in Rockland, Maine, in the balloon *Green Mountain*. A strong wind was blowing, and pretty soon the balloon dropped in a river in the vicinity. The professor was dragged about two miles in the water, but was finally rescued with difficulty.

The Paris market is being supplied with American oysters in the shell from Chesapeake Bay.

The most celebrated mosaic manufactory in the world is within the Vatican Palace. Roman mosaic is formed of tiny bits of opaque colored glass of various shades, amounting, it is said, to the almost incredible number of 30,000 different and distinct shades. These are so arranged as to form pictures perfect in every detail—in light, shadow, shade, and color. The various pieces of colored glass are placed in a prearranged order on a table covered with a sort of cement, there being often many thousand pieces in one picture, and the surface of this picture is then smoothed and polished. The portraits of many of the popes have been thus made at this manufactory.

Every body should plan to have pleasant conversation at table, just as they plan for good food. A little story-telling, a little reading, it may be of humorous items, will often render the meal more beneficial. Avoid, if possible, going to the table "all tired out." Put aside troubles, and do not reprove servants or children, but think and say something pleasant. Let meal-time be a cheerful time, and the good result will be seen in improved health.

We learn from reports lately issued at St. Petersburg that 32,000,000 rubles a year are expended by the Russian government in educational objects. There are now in the Russian empire eight universities, with 8000 students; four military academies, with 450 students; and four academies for the "orthodox" clergy, with 400 students. Of the gymnasia or colleges 150 are civil, with 42,000 students; 23 military, with 9000 students; 51 ecclesiastical, with 14,000 students; 178 for women, with 17,000 students; and 25 for girls, with 7000 students. The elementary schools are, 400 district schools, with 27,000 pupils; 190 primary ecclesiastical schools, with 30,000 pupils; 23,000 "ordinary elementary schools," with 831,000 pupils; 1300 parochial schools, with 300,000 pupils; and 700 elementary schools established by the provincial diets, with 24,000 pupils. This list does not include private schools, special schools for agriculture, commerce, etc., the training schools for teachers, or the Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Mohammedan schools.

Not long ago there was a young business man in one of the large cities of Massachusetts who had a favorable opportunity to enter a business house in another city at an increased salary and with a prospect of being made a partner in the firm. His recommendations were first-class, and the principals of the house were pleased with him. Instead of making him immediate proposals, however, they instituted some inquiries in regard to the way he spent his evenings, and what class of young men he associated with. It was ascertained that he spent several nights of the week in a billiard-room, and that on Sunday he drove a hired span of horses into the country in company with three other young men. For several weeks this young man wondered why he heard nothing in regard to the desired situation.

Our recent exchanges bestow the following compliments upon woman:

"If a woman promises to do what she is asked, it is because she had already made up her mind to do it any way."

"Kissing a lady who wears the now fashionable Elizabethan ruff is like embracing a circular saw in full motion."

"When a woman wants to elope, if her husband offers her money for the journey she will stay at home."

"It is not the dark-haired ladies who marry early, but the light-headed ones."

"Brigham Young says any of his wives may [illegible] him who please, but none will go."

We should not be surprised if something [illegible] apropos might soon appear concerning the gentl[illegible]. In this age women—some of them—protect their rights and reputations by tongue and pen.

The Sioux Indians, or Dakotas, as they call themselves, formerly numbered about 25,000. In 1837 they ceded all their lands east of the Missouri. This tract forms most of the settled part of Minnesota. Their language is very peculiar. They count time by winters, speaking of a man as being so many winters old. The word Dakota means *banded* or *allied*.

No wonder there is a pressing immigration of the working classes of Europe to this country, if the following picture of foreign prices of labor is correct. Says a recent writer on the statistics of this subject:

"Sixty cents is a good day's wages for a working-man any where in Europe. In the Tyrol silk region and in Italy they often do not get more than ten cents. In the country in Germany ten cents is the common pay. Women there often get but five cents. In Sweden men often work from 4 o'clock in the morning till 9 in the evening, and do not get any more. During the late war many poor women in Berlin were hired to knit stockings for the soldiers for five cents. The profits of the poor who keep petty shops, sell trinkets in the street, or act as sutlers, do not average more than three or four per cent. Barbers in Berlin, since the raising of their prices, get five cents for hair-cutting and two and a half cents for shaving. Servants at hotels get from $3 to $8 a month. Servant-girls in private families often get but $10 a year. Sometimes these classes can not get work at any price. The most pitiable sights of Berlin and other large cities are of men hunting employment. They will sometimes beset strangers that they may get little chores to do."

Persons who apprehend they have hydrophobia may be interested to know that an anecdote is going the rounds of an Englishman who, having been bitten by a mad dog, and finding symptoms of hydrophobia commencing, drove off the attack by rapid and long-continued walking. An American also reports that he is able to avert the symptoms when he feels them by drinking heartily of whisky. We fear this may be the more popular remedy of the two.

The olive harvest this year proves to be almost a failure. It is expected, consequently, that a rise in the price of oils will take place as soon as the limited amount of fruit is gathered.

The scarcity of animal food in London has led to the adoption of one rather curious means of increasing the supply. A number of rabbit establishments have been opened in different parts of London, where rabbits are being bred in large numbers, and if they increase at their present rate they will make an appreciable addition to the food of London.

Two palanquin umbrellas of enormous size have been recently manufactured by a firm at Glasgow, Scotland. They were ordered by a firm trading in Africa, and are supposed to be designed as presents for some of the chiefs. They are nearly thirty-three feet in circumference, sufficiently large to afford protection to about twenty-five persons. One is made of a fine damask silk, with a handsome variegated wool fringe nine inches deep. The other one is made of a rep silk, with a pure silver fringe, and lined with white silk. At the top of each is a handsome gilt ornament; the ribs are of whalebone, each thick enough for a walking-cane. The stick, which is of birch wood, ornamented and polished, is five yards long, is jointed in the centre to make the umbrella more portable, and has a heavy spike at the end for fixing in the ground.

NEW YORK HARBOR, AS SEEN FROM THE BROOKLYN TOWER OF THE SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. E. H. BONWILL.—[SEE PAGE 966.]

"DAD'S COMING!"—Drawn by Winslow Homer.—[See Poem on Page 970.]

DAD'S COMING!

[See Illustration on Page 969.]

Out where the waters are sparkling and dancing,
Crested with sunlight all purple and gold,
Turn the true eyes that so long have been watching
To welcome the wanderer back to the fold.
Lightly the billows are foaming and tossing;
Freshens the breeze as the sun goeth down;
Softly the light, ere it dies in its glory,
Lays on the heads of the watchers its crown.

Now in the distance a white sail is gleaming,
Flutteringly spread like the wings of a dove;
Nearer and nearer the light breeze is wafting
The wanderer back to the home of his love.
"See! he is coming! Dad's coming! *I* see him!"
Shout, little Johnny! shout loud in your glee!
Only God heareth the prayer that is whispered
For thanks that the sailor comes safely from sea.

Ah, happy mother! while clasping your treasures
How little you think of Eternity's shore,
Where hearts true and loyal have parted in anguish,
Where souls have gone out to return nevermore!
And eyes that were bright have grown dim with long watching,
While yours overflow with your joy and your pride!
But sing, little Johnny! "Dad's coming! Dad's coming!"
The husband and father is safe at your side!

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Lovels of Arden," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

WAKING DREAMS.

After that little talk with his mother, which had begun in bitterness and ended in mutual pardon, Edmund Standen felt more at peace with himself than he had been for some time. At least he and his mother fully understood each other, and Edmund felt that in taking his own road he need not turn his back upon that dearly loved mother. It pleased him to think that he might begin his new life perhaps at Monkhampton, within a few miles of Dean House, and be able to see his mother as often as he liked. She should not feel herself deserted. He would take good care of that. Every action of his life should help to prove to her that even while following the bent of his own inclination he was not the less her true son.

He was in no hurry to go to bed, though it was midnight when he parted from Mrs. Standen at the door of her room, a desperately late hour for Dean House. The moon shone full upon the three tall narrow windows of his bed-chamber.

He drew up the blinds and admitted that flood of tender light, and he paced this room as he had paced the room below, thoughtfully, but no longer with angry thoughts. Yes, he would reconcile duty to his mother with this new all-absorbing love. The old tie should not be broken because the new bond was so strong. And by-and-by, when Mrs. Standen became resigned to the inevitable, she would surely be kind to Sylvia. She would erect no barrier between the two homes. She would not exclude her son's wife from his father's house.

"Time wears away all rough edges," he said to himself. "Those two will grow fond of each other at last. And if my darling gives me a little child by-and-by, that link will unite us all. No, I do not fear the future. And as for poverty—"

Edmund Standen, who had never known the want of a five-pound note, dismissed the thought with a careless laugh, and left the sentence unfinished.

He had the plan of his future laid down as neatly as if it had been an architect's specification for a villa. Of course the bank would give him a situation, and a salary of, say, two hundred and fifty pounds a year to start with. He and Sylvia could manage delightfully on two hundred and fifty. They would choose the dearest little house—half cottage, half villa—on the outskirts of the town, on Broomfield Hill, for instance; a rustic road, from which one looked across intervening wood and meadow to the wide estuary of the Wex, just where it melted into the sea. They would live very quietly, with that modest elegance which Edmund, who knew nothing about housekeeping, fancied compatible with a yearly income of two hundred and fifty pounds. They would have little company—for what society so delightful as their own? They would live only for each other, and spend all their money on themselves. Edmund had the nucleus of a good library, books collected by himself and paid for with his own pocket-money. He could still pursue the delightful task of collecting. His income would allow margin for that. And how sweet would be their evenings, when his day's toil was over: summer evenings in the little garden brimming over with sweet-scented flowers, and with at least one good old tree for shade; a garden on the slope of that steep hill from which they could watch the sun's golden cup drop down into the cold blue wave: winter evenings, when they closed their shutters upon all the outside world, and sat by their cheerful hearth, and talked of all things in heaven and earth, while the low minor strains of that ever-murmuring sea sounded faintly in the pauses of their talk!

How sweet it would be to read aloud while his young wife worked! She must be fond of work, of course. All tender, home-loving women are. He could fancy the fair young face bent with a busy look above the capacious work-basket, emblem of matronhood. He could fancy the bright young mind expanding under his teaching. Naturally, at four-and-twenty, he thought himself wise enough to teach. That desultory education, for the most part self-teaching, which had served to make Sylvia seem clever, would now be succeeded by the man's thoughtful and logical process. He would shape his wife's mind, write the wisdom of departed sages, the dreams of mighty poets, on that fair tablet, and make her, in very truth, his companion, his second self.

Fair vision! He looked out at the moon-lit garden, the smooth lawn reflecting the black shadows of the trees like the still bosom of a lake. He looked dreamily out upon this tranquil old-world picture, his heart throbbing fast with the fullness of his joy, and thought of a home which should be better than this, for it would be shared with Sylvia.

"I'll ride into Monkhampton directly after breakfast to-morrow, and see the principal at the bank," he said to himself, "and I'll call upon Mr. Carew in the evening. All lies clear before me now, and every one in Hedingham shall know that I am going to marry Sylvia Carew." And thus, supremely satisfied with his prospects, Mr. Standen went to bed.

"I wonder, by-the-way, if Esther Rochdale knows any thing about my engagement?" he thought, as he dropped asleep.

* * * * * *

The world looked very fair to Edmund Standen next morning when he went down to join in those household prayers which prefaced the eight-o'clock breakfast at Dean House. The paneled parlor, where the dark old paneling had been painted white by some cheerful-minded Goth, had a bright, fresh look in the morning sunshine. The carefully appointed table, with its spotless damask, central bowl of flowers, and old-fashioned silver urn, invited appetite. The sideboard, with its *corps de réserve* of ham and sirloin, supported the picture. Windows open to the ground made the flower garden almost a part of the room. Birds were singing their morning hymns of salutation to the sunshine and the earth. A veil of summer mist still floated above the dewy grass.

Esther Rochdale was alone in the room when Edmund entered it. She was standing in one of the open windows looking thoughtfully at the garden with that fixed look which sees nothing, lost in a reverie that seemed pensive. But she greeted Edmund with a cordial smile, nevertheless, as they shook hands. Before his German exile they had kissed each other at morning and evening. But when he came home from the grand tour Mr. Standen found no kiss on his adopted sister's lips, though her welcome was of the tenderest, and he felt somehow that the days of those boy and girl salutations were over.

She was his junior by five years, and looked younger than she was, so delicately slender was the figure, so youthful the small features and innocent expression of the dark oval face.

It was a face whose distinctive charm was sweetness, placid, pensive, even to melancholy at times. In Miss Rochdale the stranger would never discover the young lady of independent means. Indeed, so gentle was her manner, so unselfish her every thought, that she had often been mistaken for the meek object of Mrs. Standen's bounty. "So good of Mrs. Standen to keep that poor little thing, Miss Rochdale!" people had said, surprised when they heard that the "poor little thing" possessed an inalienable income of six hundred a year.

Yet it must not be supposed that Miss Rochdale was one of those timid and insipid young persons who can not say Bo! to the various geese of their acquaintance. Beneath that calm and gentle exterior there beat a heart capable of heroic deeds; that ample forehead indicated a mind that could think high thoughts. Esther Rochdale had formed her own opinion of men and books even at nineteen years of age. She had read and thought a great deal in the tranquil life at Dean House, which gave so much leisure for study, as well as for all manner of unselfish acts. Miss Rochdale was like Mr. Vancourt's right hand among the poor, and did more work than his three daughters got through among them, yet people hardly ever heard her name in Dorcas clubs or saw it figure in a subscription list. What her right hand gave from her ample income was hardly known to her left hand.

"How bright you look this morning, Edmund!" she said, while they stood at the window waiting for Mrs. Standen and the bell which assembled the orderly household every morning as the clock struck eight. The hall clock had never finished striking before the shrill clang of the bell began. "That cloudy look has gone which I've noticed so often lately."

"My dear girl," answered Edmund, cheerfully, "a secret is just one of those things that my mental constitution can not stand, and I've been suffering lately from the oppression of a secret."

"You, Edmund!" cried Esther, with an incredulous look; "why, I thought no secret ever crossed the threshold of Dean House. Don't the very house-maids tell auntie or me every thing that happens to them? But your secret—what secret can you have from your mother, above all people?"

"It has not been a secret from my mother for the last three days. I told her all about it on Tuesday."

"Was that what made her so unhappy? She was crying in her own room the day before yesterday, and even yesterday before she dressed to go out. I saw the traces of tears both times. Oh, Edmund, what could you have done to make her so unhappy? Was it any thing in Germany? If it was any trouble about money, you ought to know that my resources are at your disposal."

She had a dim idea that Germany was populated by gamblers—that Edmund might have become the prey of those harpies.

"You dear innocent Esther!" cried Edmund, touched by her goodness. "It is nothing about money-matters; and if it were, do you think I would be so mean a hound as to trade upon your affections? My secret related to a subject much nearer to my heart than worldly wealth, for you know I hold that lightly," added the young man, with a lofty air.

"But how could you be so unkind as to make auntie unhappy?"

"She chose to make herself so, Esther. That was no work of mine. But my mother and I are both contented now. The little cloud has blown away forever, and I think she begins to understand that there is one crisis in a man's life in which he must be his own master."

The girl looked up at him wonderingly, or with something more than mere wonder—a blank, strange look.

"What is that crisis, Edmund?" she asked, quietly, that strange look passing swiftly as a flicker of the sunlight among yonder flowers.

"When he finds himself for the first time in his life honestly, deeply, lastingly in love."

There was a little pause, just about the duration of an electric shock. In that moment Esther's cheek paled ever so slightly, her lips moved faintly, a look of pain came into the dark earnest eyes. But that look was very brief; and lovers are egotistical. Edmund saw nothing till those sweet lips gave him a friendly smile, the two little hands were raised to his arm, and rested there with gentle affection.

"Any thing that makes you happy must make me glad, Edmund," she said, tenderly. "But I hope this love is a wise one. Yet, if it were, it would hardly make your mother unhappy."

"Oh, my mother has her own scheme for my existence, I have no doubt, and would like me to have fallen in love to order, as it were."

A look of pain much keener than the last came into Esther's face, but she was looking downward, and Edmund was not watching her closely. He was thinking of his own wrongs. There was forgiveness between him and his mother, but the sense of soreness still lingered. The wound was in process of healing, but not healed.

"As to the wisdom of my choice," he said, presently, "that's a jargon of outsiders which never yet applied to true love. A man is not wise in these matters. He obeys his destiny, without stopping to consider whether the woman he loves has money in consols or connections whose influence may assist his career. He loves because he loves. I don't suppose the Hedingham gentry, with their narrow notions and petty maxims, will altogether approve my choice. But I have chosen where my heart told me to choose, and I care not a doit for the opinion of the wiseacres who may call me a fool."

"Nor for your mother's opinion, Edmund?" said Esther; "yet I should have thought there could be no event in your life in which that would not influence you."

"Haven't I told you that in affairs of the heart a man must judge for himself? Pshaw, child, what do you know about it? Wait till you are over head and ears in love with some dandy from Oxford or Sandhurst, and then see how much auntie's grave advice will weigh against the fascinations of your admirer. You mustn't take the side of worldly wisdom, Esther. I have counted on your influence to soften my mother's heart toward Sylvia."

"Sylvia," exclaimed Esther, with a look of horror—"Sylvia Carew!"

"I know of no other Sylvia in this part of the country," answered Edmund, coolly; "the name is uncommon."

"You—care for—Sylvia Carew! The schoolmaster's pretty daughter!"

"And my future wife," said Edmund, with dignity. "I hope you have nothing to say against her."

"Oh, Edmund, how could you ever make such a fatal choice?"

"Fatal! You and my mother will drive me distracted between you. Fatal! At the mention of Sylvia's name you both go into heroics—and sigh—and open your eyes wide—and talk about fatality—just as if I were a member of the house of Œdipus, and doomed to break the canonical table of affinities. In plain words, Esther, what have you to say against Miss Carew?"

"Not much, certainly," said Esther, with her accustomed placidity. "I have thought her vain—and ill-tempered; but that may have been my mistake."

"Vain—well, I dare say she knows she is the prettiest woman within a radius of fifty miles from Hedingham. Ill-tempered—there I know you are mistaken."

He thought of Sylvia's sweet smile—the upward look of those melting hazel eyes. Ill-tempered with such eyes and such a smile! How these women slander one another!

"Perhaps I have judged her too hastily, Edmund. Yet I hardly think I can have been wrong," replied Esther, meekly. "I have seen her slap the poor little children."

"Seen her slap the poor little children!" echoed Edmund, scornfully. "If you had as much of the poor little children as Sylvia has, I don't suppose you'd refrain from an occasional tap. You go into the school-house once or twice a week in your *dilettante* fashion, just when the humor takes you, and then you set yourself up as a judge, and pronounce sentence upon Sylvia, who has to endure the plague of those brats every day of her life."

Esther did not remind him that she did her work in the Sunday-school regularly, and walked from Dean House to Hedingham to do it, in rain or sunshine, wind and storm, from year's end to year's end, whether the humor did or did not seize her; that she disregarded headache and neuralgia, and all the pains to which humanity is subject, when duty called. She only answered him with a hardly audible sigh.

CHAPTER VIII.

BAD NEWS FROM DEMERARA.

"Here comes my mother," said Edmund, as the rustle of Mrs. Standen's dress sounded on the staircase. The bell clanged out its summons at the same moment.

"Why, how pale you look, child!" said Mrs. Standen, as she kissed her adopted daughter.

"Do I, dear auntie? I've been in the garden a good while, and the morning is rather heavy. It has given me a slight headache."

"Poor little head, so busy and thoughtful for others!" said Mrs. Standen, smoothing the girl's soft dark hair from the calm brow.

Mother and son kissed each other in the old hearty fashion. The cloud was quite gone. It had melted in those passionate tears wrung from the mother's wounded heart.

Five women-servants came filing in. There was no in-door man at Dean House. Mrs. Standen loved the neat-handed Phillises of her own training, but would not have consented to be domineered over by a skilled butler. Two elderly women, the cook and Mrs. Standen's confidential maid, and three buxom girls, parlor, house, and laundry maid, comprised the Dean House establishment.

Prayers were read, and the morning chapter, and breakfast began. Mrs. Standen had hardly taken her place in front of the urn when a shrill peal from the gate bell startled them all. This was essentially the visitor's bell. All tradesmen and beings of an inferior order, save the postman or an occasional stranger, entered by the stable gates.

"Who can it be so early?" exclaimed Edmund, thinking of Sylvia. Could she be ill, or in trouble of any kind? Had she sent for him?

The parlor-maid brought in one of those ominous yellow-covered messages which strike terror to some simple hearts. It was before the days of postal telegraphs. This had been brought from Monkhampton by special messenger.

"Half a crown to pay, please, ma'am," said the parlor-maid, laying the document by Mrs. Standen's plate, "and will you please sign the paper to say when it came."

The sight of that bilious-hued envelope agitated Mrs. Standen. Telegraphic messages were rare at Dean House. She looked at the paper helplessly.

"Let me do it for you, mother," said Edmund, looking at his watch. The telegram could not be from Sylvia, so he felt quite comfortable about its contents. Let the universe crumble, she was safe.

He scrawled the required figures on the paper, fished half a crown from the loose treasury in his waistcoat pocket, and gave paper and coin to the servant, while his mother read the message.

"What's it all about, mother?" he asked, apprehending no calamity. But his mother had grown deadly pale, and handed him the telegram without a word.

"From Hanside and Pengross, Gray's Inn, to Mrs. Standen, Dean House, near Hedingham."

"Sad news from Demerara by mail arrived last night. A friend telegraphed to us from Southampton. Mr. Sargent died suddenly of heart-disease on the 15th of June. Mrs. Sargent seriously ill. Some one ought to go to her at once, if possible. Her brother would be best, as he could arrange business matters. We fear that Mr. Sargent's affairs are left in a far from satisfactory condition. The mail steamer for St. Thomas leaves Southampton at noon to-morrow. Letter to follow."

"Poor George—in the very prime of life—only six-and-thirty—and to be cut off suddenly!" murmured Mrs. Standen, in tears.

"Oh, auntie, what has happened?" asked Esther.

"George Sargent is dead. And to think of my dear girl alone in a strange country. What are we to do, Edmund? How can I ask you to go to her?"

She thought of his infatuation—would he tear himself away from the land that held Sylvia Carew, even to succor a widowed sister?

"Need you ask me to do my duty, mother?" demanded the young man, quietly. "Of course I shall go to Demerara. Poor George! One of the best fellows in the world, but I fear by no means prudent. I dare say he has left his affairs in a state of muddle. Don't cry, dear mother. We'll send Ellen a telegram to say that I shall follow it as fast as the steamer will let me. I shall go up to London by the one-o'clock express, and start for St. Thomas by the mail to-morrow."

"How good, how noble you are, Edmund!" exclaimed Mrs. Standen, to whose maternal mind this self-abnegation seemed almost Roman heroism.

"I am not afraid to leave Hedingham, mother," the young man said, in a lower voice, for his mother's ear only. "I can trust in your honor, and have no fear that you will use your influence to part Sylvia and me while my back is turned."

"No, Edmund, I am not base enough for that. I will go and see her, if you like"—with a great effort—"while you are away, and try to like her."

"Do, dear mother. You have but to know her in order to love her."

Edmund looked at his watch. It was not quite nine. He had three clear hours in which to bid Sylvia farewell, and speak to Mr. Carew. He was resolved to leave nothing unsettled. His engagement to Sylvia must be an established fact before he left Hedingham.

"What shall I do without you, Edmund?" said the mother, with a sigh, while he tried to hurry through his breakfast, eating and drinking mechanically.

"Come, dear mother, there's no occasion for despondency. I need not be away more than three months, at most. Six weeks for the voy-

age to and fro, and a month or so at Demerara. I am to bring Nelly back with me, I suppose?"

"Of course. What should she stay there for, poor child? She will have a pension, I suppose, but very little besides, if George has died in debt. He was always so reckless, and counted so much upon his expectations from his uncle, the general. And now the uncle has outlived the nephew. How sad!"

"*Vita summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam*," muttered Edmund. "It's dull work waiting for dead men's shoes."

"Tell your poor sister that she has still a home here, Edmund, that she need think of no other."

"And the children," inquired Edmund, with a wry face—"are they to come here too? Let me see—there are three of them, aren't there? I think the last was the third."

"You might do something more than think about the number of your only sister's children," said Mrs. Standen, reproachfully.

"They come so fast, one hasn't time to get a fixed idea about them. Well, I'll bring her home, mother, little ones and all. I don't suppose you'll quite like their sticky paw marks upon the mahogany furniture, or their broken toys in the corners of all the rooms. But they'll help to amuse you and Esther when I am gone."

He spoke cheerily to comfort his mother; yet there was a weight of sadness at his heart, notwithstanding. Three months—three long months—in which he and Sylvia were to be severed. That sweet face and those lovely loving eyes were to beam upon him no more.

"How I shall yearn for one touch of that little hand, and how I shall pine for my dove!" he thought. "And how often in too delusive dreams I shall fancy her near me, only to awake to the bitter pain of separation!"

He made short work of his breakfast, and started up, with an apology to his mother and Esther, to set out for Hedingham.

"You'll get my portmanteau packed, won't you, mother?" he asked. "You needn't have much put in, as I haven't the right kind of clothes for a tropical climate. I'll go to an outfitter in Cornhill, and get properly rigged out. You can order the dog-cart for half past twelve, and have the portmanteau put in. I'll be back by that time."

"Are you going to Hedingham?"

"Yes, I am going to have a little talk with my future father-in-law."

Mrs. Standen shuddered. It was bad enough to think of Sylvia as a daughter-in-law, but it was worse to think of Sylvia's father. The village school-master! The man who had forty pounds a year, with a house to live in, coals, and candles! It was too dreadful to think that this humble official would by-and-by have a right to enter Dean House, would be a relation to its mistress by marriage.

"And the man looks and talks like a gentleman," thought Mrs. Standen. "That's the worst part of the business. There must be some good reason for his burying himself alive in Hedingham."

She sighed, not yet reconciled to the idea of her son's marriage, although, moved by a sudden impulse of gratitude and generosity, she had just now promised to visit Sylvia. She looked at Esther's earnest face, which was turned toward her, full of tender compassion. She looked and thought, with a sharp pang, of a hope which she had cherished for years, and abandoned only a few days ago. Tears came into her eyes, and she turned away her head with a heart-broken sigh.

"Dearest auntie, why are you so unhappy?" asked the girl, affectionately. "Is it about poor Mrs. Sargent?"

"No, my dear. It is about my son. He has made up his mind to marry."

"Against your wish? I know all about it, dear auntie. Edmund told me this morning."

Mrs. Standen turned toward her with a look of sharpest scrutiny, "And you are not—angry with him for such a choice?"

"Why should I be angry? All that I have to wish for is that he may be happy—and if he can be happy with Sylvia Carew, what does it matter that she is not his equal in social position? She is really very lady-like in her style and appearance, and better educated than you might expect."

"If he can be happy!" repeated Mrs. Standen, with intensity. "Yes, Esther, it is that 'if' which troubles me."

CHAPTER IX.

SYLVIA AT HOME.

HEDINGHAM looked its brightest in the morning sunshine as Edmund Standen walked along the little street in the valley, where the brawling brook ran merrily in front of the cottage and gardens, and under the green hedges, across which an inquisitive old white horse, or a comfortable-looking cow, red like the rich loam of the valley, sometimes thrust a big clumsy head, with half-stupid, half-inquiring eyes.

The church-yard wore its accustomed aspect of shady repose as Edmund crossed it by the familiar footway that led to the old school-house. A shrill clamor of juvenile voices sounded through the open windows; for Mr. Carew's scholars worshiped Minerva and the Muses somewhat noisily. The old, old school-house, for which Mr. Vancourt, the vicar, was anxious to substitute a smart Gothic erection, had a certain rustic picturesqueness of aspect likely to be wanting in the modern building. Houseleek and stone-crop grew undisturbed on the time-blackened thatch, which sloped steeply down to the very windows of the school-room and parlor. The upper story was entirely formed by that sloping roof, the bed-chambers all angles, with latticed dormers peeping out between the slanting timbers of the gables. But the indefinable charm of antiquity pervaded the building. The cob walls, faced with crinkly-looking plaster, were half hidden under the rich growth of century-old myrtles and climbing roses; the quarter of an acre of garden, where flowers and vegetables grew side by side in brotherly love, was bright with hollyhocks and carnations, big hoary lavender bushes, breathing their sweet perfume on the summer air, the scarlet blossoms of the humble bean, the gray-blue bloom of the onion.

To Edmund, this morning, the school-house seemed a delicious dwelling-place. He thought of the steamer, and the long weary voyage to Demerara, and longed to stay here and loiter away a tranquil existence in endless joy, instead of doing his duty in that state of life which Providence had assigned to him.

"If all other trades fail, I can turn school-master," he reflected. "I wouldn't mind teaching stupid boys half the day, if I could spend the other half with Sylvia."

He opened the modest door which communicated with that part of the school-house appropriated to Mr. Carew's residence. The door opened straight into the parlor, a fair-sized room, poorly furnished, but neatly kept, and displaying some little attempt at adornment which looked like Sylvia's handiwork. White muslin curtains draped the two low latticed casements, a row of flower-pots screened the window that faced the sun, a few cheap prints decorated the walls, a flowered chintz cover concealed the shabbiness of a decrepit sofa; three rows of books on hanging shelves, and a smart china inkstand and desk on a little table, brightened the recess by the fire-place; a pair of green glass candlesticks and a cracked china vase surmounted the high chimney-piece. It was not the room of a slovenly housewife, and Mr. Standen looked round him with admiring eyes. If his betrothed imparted grace even to such poor surroundings, what a charm would she lend to the fair home he hoped to give her!

Sylvia was busy in the adjoining room—a very small kitchen—for Mr. Carew's pittance did not allow him to keep a servant, and his daughter had to manage the household work as best she might. Happily for him, she managed it deftly; kept their poor rooms the pink of cleanliness; cooked the epicure's small dinner to his perfect satisfaction; never left pails of water or empty jugs standing in his way; rose with the birds, and got through all the rough part of her work before the Hedingham gentry had risen from their pillows, in order that no one should see her in her common cotton gown, with sleeves tucked up to the shoulders. Happily for her own peace of mind the work of cleaning those few rooms was not enough to redden or roughen her pretty hands and arms. She had contrived to minister to her father from the time she was twelve years old, without injury to her growing loveliness. Indeed, her beauty may have been improved by that enforced activity which preserved the fresh bloom of her cheek, the liquid brightness of her eyes.

She heard the sound of the opening door and her lover's footsteps, and came out of her kitchen, where she had been preparing the remains of yesterday's chicken for to-day's *fricassee*. The happy look which Edmund knew so well flashed into her face at sight of him, and then changed curiously to a look of fear.

"My darling, what is the matter?" he asked, folding her in his arms.

"You have come to tell papa," she said, "and I am frightened. I know he will be disagreeable, insult you, perhaps, if you tell him your mother's determination. Why not leave him in the dark, Edmund? Just ask his permission to marry me, and no more."

"My pet, you ask me to do a dishonorable thing," answered Edmund, kissing the fair forehead at the end of his sentence, lest the reproach should seem too severe; "and even if I tried to deceive your father, I should most likely fail. He would ask for a settlement, or something of that kind, which he could hardly get from a pauper."

Sylvia shuddered at the word. It is hard to bid good-by to one's brightest dream, and Sylvia's had been the fancy that she had won the lover she loved and a rich husband in Edmund Standen.

"I must tell Mr. Carew the truth, dear, and I can't tell it too soon," said Edmund, firmly. "But I'm sorry to say I've more bad news for you this morning."

"Bad news! How can you have bad news? What more can your mother rob you of?"

"My bad news does not concern our fortunes, Sylvia, but our parting. I am going away from Hedingham for three long months."

The girl's cheek paled, but no tear clouded those brilliant eyes. She looked at him fixedly, her lips quivering.

"You have changed your mind—you are going to give me up!" she said.

"Give you up, when I am here to ask your father for your hand, to give him formal notice of our engagement!"

"What is to part us, then?"

"Duty, my sweet one, which calls me far away."

He told her about the news from Demerara, and his immediate departure. Sylvia paused, and looked disconsolate. She had no sympathy with an unknown widow, above all when that widow was the very person for whose benefit her lover was to be robbed of his rightful inheritance.

"It seems hard that you should be obliged to go, Edmund," she said. "One would think your sister might find some one else to settle her affairs and bring her back to England—that is to say, if she wants an escort. I thought married women were independent, and could do every thing for themselves."

"But think of her trouble, Sylvia—her husband so awfully snatched away from her. They had been married six years, and it was a real love-match. I never knew people more attached to each other."

"What took them to Demerara?" asked Sylvia, still disconsolate.

"George was a barrister, with a very fair practice, when he married, and he and my sister lived as happily as a pair of turtle-doves in a pretty little house at South Kensington. But two years ago he got a judgeship in Demerara. It was too good to refuse, so off they started, to my mother's regret. They used to spend a month with us every autumn."

"Of course," thought Sylvia, "scheming to cheat you out of your fortune."

"Sylvia," said Edmund, earnestly, "this parting won't make any difference in your love, will it? You mean to be true to me?"

The loving eyes looked up at him, the little hands clasped his. What need was there of any further answer?

"I love you too dearly to change," she said; and then added, meditatively, "I sometimes wish I didn't."

"But why, my own one?"

"Because I don't think our love is lucky for either of us. What has it given you but trouble in the present? What does it promise us in the future?"

"Happiness, darling: happiness, which is not to be gauged by the measure of a man's banking account. Trust your fate to me, and we will be happy together, rich or poor. Already the clouds are lifting. My mother and I had a confidential talk last night, which ended pleasantly. She loves me with all her unselfish heart, dear soul, in spite of her prejudices. And she will learn to love you too, my pet, in good time. She has even promised to come and see you while I am away."

"Even!" repeated Sylvia, with ever so faint a sneer. "I'm sure I ought to be grateful for so much condescension."

"You'll receive her kindly, Sylvia, for my sake."

"I would do any thing for your sake," said the girl, fondly. She was swifter in her changes of mood than an April sky.

"And you will be constant, Sylvia?"

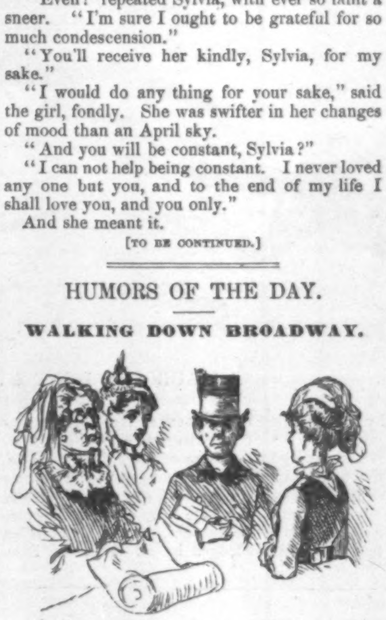
"I can not help being constant. I never loved any one but you, and to the end of my life I shall love you, and you only."

And she meant it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WALKING DOWN BROADWAY.

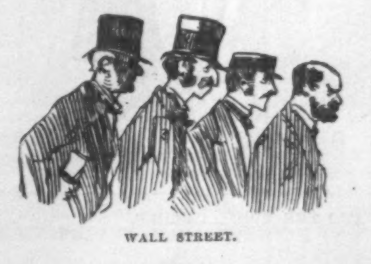


STEWART'S, TENTH STREET.

HOUSTON STREET, MURDERERS' ROW.

CHAMBERS STREET, DELMONICO'S.

CITY HALL.



WALL STREET.

The English infidel, Mr. Bradlaugh, at the conclusion of a recent lecture called upon any person to reply to his argument. An English paper thus tells what resulted from the invitation. "A collier rose and spoke somewhat as follows: 'Maister Bradlaugh, me and my mate Jim were both Methodys, till one of these infidel chaps cam' this way. Jim turned infidel, and used to badger me about attending the prayer-meetings; but one day in the pit a large cob of coal cam' down upon Jim's head. Jim thought he was killed, and ah, mon, but he did holler, and cry to God!' Then turning to Mr. Bradlaugh with a knowing look, he said, 'Young man, there's nowt like cobs of coal for knocking the infidelity out of a man.'"

Why is a captain haranguing his crew like an upholsterer?—Because he is a deck-orator.

A writer says: "It is not the drinking, but getting sober, that is so terrible in a drunkard's life!" "Why get sober at all, then?" says Swiggles.

Ministers who read their sermons were formerly abhorred in Scotland. A young preacher delivered a trial discourse, after which one of his hearers, an old woman, said to her neighbor, "He canna be a reader, for he's blind." "I'm glad to hear't," replied the neighbor; "I wish they were a' blind!"

An exuberant youth of Pittsfield said to a supposed friend, "Hello, Joe! Oh, excuse me, I thought you were another man!" Laconic stranger: "I am."

A NEW NAME FOR TIGHT BOOTS—A corn-crib.

The old maxim that "man proposes" is flatly contradicted by Massachusetts spinsters, who only wish he did.

A girl has a ringing laugh when she is a belle.

"Pray, Miss C——," said a gentleman one evening, "why are ladies so fond of officers?" "How stupid!" replied Miss C——; "is it not natural and proper that a lady should like a good *offer*, Sir?"

AN AUROCHS HUNT BY THE LAKE DWELLERS.

IN ancient times there existed in the immense forests of Central Europe two species of wild bulls, one of which has entirely disappeared, the other, known by the name of aurochs, is still living, being carefully preserved in small numbers by the Emperor of Russia in the forests of Bialowicza, in Lithuania, a few others also occurring wild in the Caucasus.

Several ancient authors have mentioned the aurochs under the name of bison; but this term in modern times more especially designates the species of wild ox which wanders over the extensive prairies of America. The aurochs existed in England during the period of the Norwich crag; its remains have been found in Scotland, and also in river drift gravels, among the bone caves, in the lake villages, and the peat bogs of Switzerland. PLINY and SENECA speak of the European bison as existing in their time; in fact, this fierce bull roamed in great numbers through the forests of Central and Southern Europe, and even as far as Siberia.

There is no historical record of the existence of the aurochs in England, but its occurrence in Switzerland can be traced up to the tenth century; it is spoken of in the *Nibelungen Lied* of the twelfth century. The last individual of this species is said to have been killed in Prussia in 1772, since which time it has completely disappeared from Germany.

The eye of the aurochs is fierce and wild; crisp hair covers its head and neck, forming a mane and beard, which give the animal a savage aspect. The sight of man seems to enrage it, and, far from avoiding its enemy, it will encounter him with fury. After looking at the representation given on page 972 of a race rapidly dying out, contemporary with the mammoth and the cave lion, we can understand the superstitious and profound terror with which this quadruped was regarded by the ancient Celts and Germans, and the energy with which they hunted it throughout the dense forests covering their territory.

The bodily structure of the aurochs does not allow us to trace the origin of our modern species directly from this animal. Some paleontologists have been inclined to see in the urus (another bull of the same period as the aurochs) the progenitor of some of our modern cattle; but we are probably indebted to neither for those races which graze at the present day in the meadows of Europe, and which doubtless derived their origin from some Asiatic race more nearly allied to them.

Europe, covered with dense forests, the home of numerous wild beasts, was still inhabited by the rude and primitive men of the stone age when Asia contained a population which had already reached a certain degree of civilization. As early as those remote periods, and perhaps earlier, the latter knew how to domesticate the animals by which they were surrounded. In the Assyrian pictures we see representations of bulls resembling those of our domestic cattle; in the monuments of ancient Egypt we again find similar effigies, but no animal resembling the aurochs. The domesticated animals had been distributed through a great extent of country by migratory people; they were even introduced into China, and the West. The Celts, the Pelasgians, and the Sclaves who went out from the East had no desire to conquer the ferocious bulls they encountered in the European forests. They migrated in great numbers, and took with them their wealth in cattle, driving the latter before them, and removing their families in chariots drawn by oxen. These primitive populations did with the aurochs what man does every where with the animal which does not minister to his wants, and endangers his safety.

The war the Gauls and the Germanic tribes waged against the aurochs was similar to that carried on in our day with the bison of the prairies; and perhaps the time is not far distant when these remnants of ancient creations will be driven back into the strongholds of the Rocky Mountains, as the aurochs has been into Lithuania and the Caucasus.

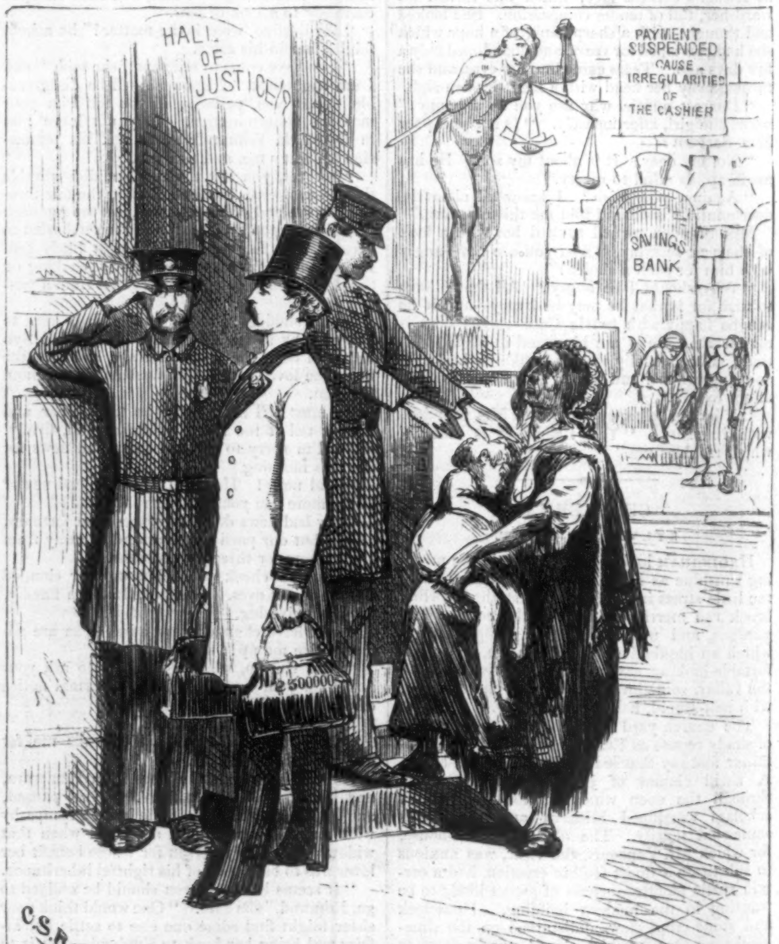
We ought not to close this description of the

AN AUROCHS HUNT BY THE LAKE DWELLERS.

drawing without referring to a circumstance which, while showing the wide range of the aurochs in ancient times, also illustrates the feeling with which this animal was regarded. During the war of independence in Greece, a scientific commission sent by the French government brought back some sculptured fragments of the façade of the Temple of Jupiter at Olympia. It is known by a description of PAUSANIAS that these sculptures, the work of ALCAMENES, a pupil of PHIDIAS, portrayed the labors of Hercules. One of the figures in bass-relief represented Hercules overthrowing the Cretan bull, and GEOFFREY ST. HILAIRE did not hesitate to see in this sculpture a delineation of the aurochs, the ferocity of which has been acknowledged by all authors. PAUSANIAS, in speaking of the bull of Laconia, says: "Of all wild beasts the bull of Laconia is the most difficult to take alive. It is an animal which has long hair on the body, especially under the throat and breast." This description agrees exactly with the appearance of the aurochs.

The relationships of the European aurochs to the American bison, or buffalo, are very close, and by many zoologists they have been considered as identical. There are, however, perfectly appreciable differences, among which we may mention, as belonging to the Old World animal, a more slender form, narrower muzzle, longer and thinner joints, and a tail more uniformly coated with hair, instead of the decided tuft at the end.

THE MODEL BANK DIRECTOR AND THE MODEL CASHIER.



THE GENTLEMANLY BANK DEFAULTER AND THE VAGRANT.

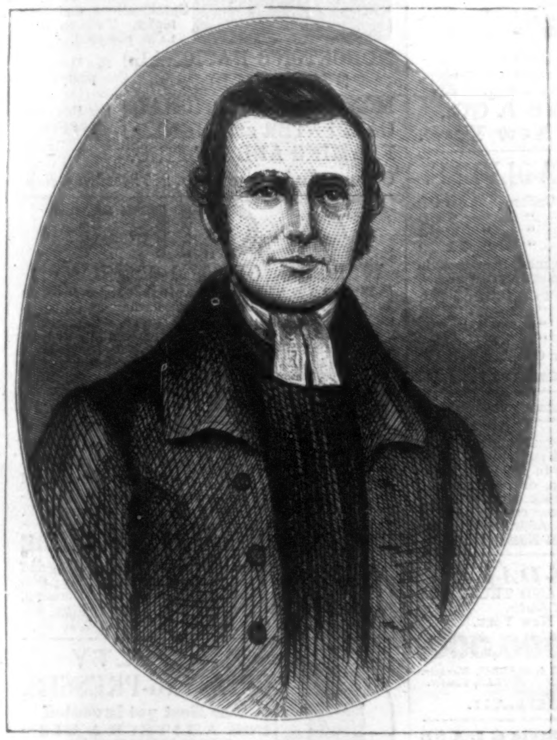
PHILIP EMBURY.

PHILIP EMBURY, the humble local preacher, and the father of American Methodism, is a cherished name in the history of the Church. One hundred years have passed away since he entered the better life, and the centennial anniversary of his death was fitly commemorated on the 18th of October by interesting ceremonies and the dedication of a suitable monument over the spot where his remains were laid in the village of Cambridge, in this State. The following brief sketch of the life of this excellent man, and of some of the results of his labors, will be read with peculiar interest at this time.

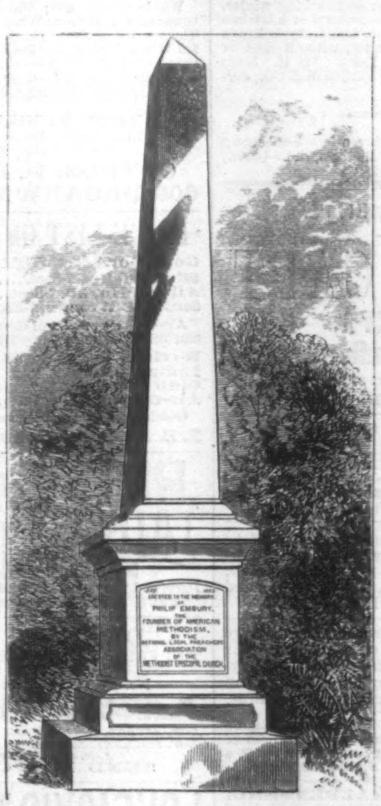
During the reign of LOUIS XIV., in the latter part of the seventeenth century, the Palatinate, on the Rhine, was devastated by troops under TURENNE. The whole country was laid waste. Thousands of the peasants fled to the lines of the English general, and they were afterward conveyed to England. Perhaps six thousand arrived in London. About fifty families very soon afterward emigrated to Ireland, where they settled near Rathkeale, in the county of Limerick. Among the families were the EMBURYS. These Palatines were a laborious, intelligent, and thrifty people. PHILIP EMBURY was born in 1728, and received a plain English education and the elements of knowledge in German. He was early apprenticed to a carpenter, and became a skillful workman. His manuscripts show that he was an elegant writer, and had a thorough knowledge of the rules of composition. Among the records of his writings was a brief account of his conversion, which occurred December 25, 1752. It was in this year that he first saw Mr. WESLEY, who was then traveling in the west of Ireland. Shortly afterward he became a class-leader and local preacher, and ministered to his neighbors and others as opportunity offered. In November, 1758, he was united in marriage to MARY SWITZER, who formed one of the memorable group of five persons whom EMBURY addressed as a congregation for the first time.

EMBURY and his wife and several others left Limerick for New York in the spring of 1760. Many of the friends and companions of the company were present to say farewell. Some of them were EMBURY'S spiritual children, and, after entering the vessel, from its deck he addressed to them words of counsel. The vessel reached New York August 10, 1760. In Dr. STEVENS'S *History of Methodism* the opinion is expressed that EMBURY, on arriving at New York as a class-leader and licensed local preacher in Ireland, must have attempted some religious care of the few Methodists who had accompanied him. From some cause he appears not to have used his office as a preacher until the fall of 1766, when that heroic woman, BARBARA HECK, urged him to perform his duty as a minister.

BARBARA HECK.

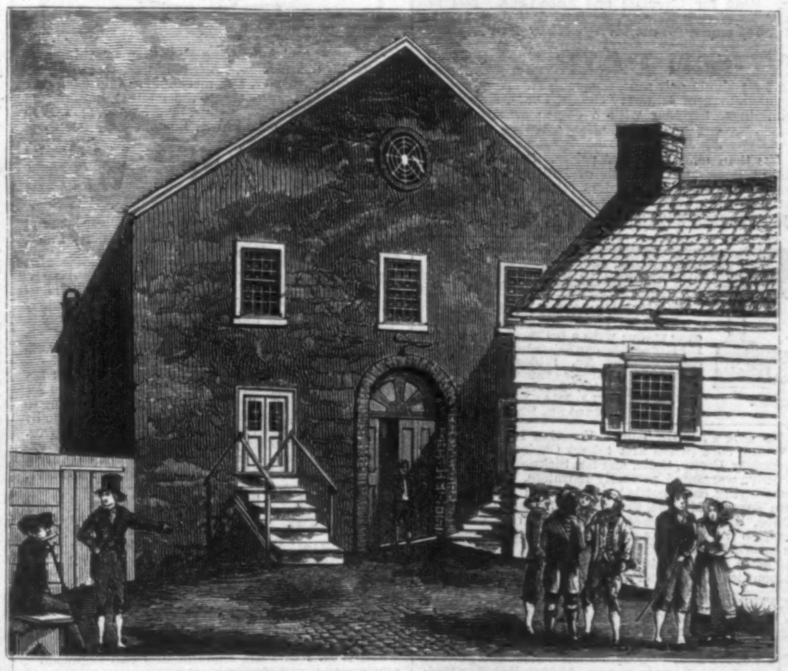


PHILIP EMBURY.



MONUMENT TO PHILIP EMBURY.

MRS. PHILIP EMBURY.



THE FIRST METHODIST CHURCH, IN JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

PHILIP EMBURY, THE FIRST METHODIST PREACHER IN AMERICA.

BARBARA HECK, who came to New York in 1760 with EMBURY, resided there, and was a frequent visitor to the families who came over with them, and other families who subsequently came in 1765. Visiting them on one of these occasions, she found some of the party engaged in card-playing. There was, however, no proof, either direct or indirect, that any of them were Wesleyans or connected with EMBURY. Seizing the cards and throwing them into the fire, she left, and went immediately to the dwelling of EMBURY, located upon Barrack Street, now Park Place, and narrated what she had seen and done, and then urged him to be no longer silent, but to preach the Word. EMBURY consented, and she went out and collected four persons, who with herself constituted his audience. This, it is believed, was the first Methodist sermon ever preached in America. He organized them into a class, and met them weekly. The company grew rapidly, and a commodious room was secured, and the members formed into two "classes," one composed of men, and the other of women. Quite an excitement prevailed in the city, and the meetings were thronged with spectators. Soon after EMBURY began to preach at the Almshouse, and the superintendent of the institution and some of the inmates were converted. A rigging loft in William Street was hired, and it soon became too small, and the question was started about building a house of worship. Just about this time, in February, 1767, Captain THOMAS WEBB, of the royal army, came to the house where they were worshiping. Though alarmed to see an officer in military costume, girt with his sword, they were soon at ease when they saw his devout participation in their devotions. At the close of the service he introduced himself as Captain WEBB, of the "king's service," but also a "soldier of the cross, and a spiritual son of JOHN WESLEY." Captain WEBB had lost his right eye at Louisburg, and was wounded in his right arm at Quebec. He heard JOHN WESLEY preach at Bristol, England, and was converted in 1765. He afterward returned to this country, and lived at Jamaica, Long Island, with his wife's relations.

The necessity of a permanent house of worship pressed upon the society. WEBB felt it; but before any steps were taken, BARBARA HECK, who is styled the foundress of American Methodism, had been watching the progress of the infant society. Acting under the inspiration of prayer, in which she felt the answer was, "I, the Lord, will do it," she devised a plan for the edifice, and it was approved by the society. WEBB entered into the project, and gave thirty pounds toward it, which induced the society to attempt the erection of the building. EMBURY was first in the list—first trustee, first treasurer, first class-leader, and first preacher. WEBB was next as one of the original trustees. They leased the site on John Street in 1768, still occupied, and purchased it in 1770. The first sermon was preached in it October 30, 1768, by Mr. EMBURY.

This chapel was built of stone, sixty by forty-two feet. As Dissenters were not allowed to erect "regular churches" in the city, the new building was provided with "a fire-place and chimney," to avoid "the difficulty of the law." The interior was unfinished for some time. EMBURY, being a skillful carpenter, "wrought" diligently upon the structure. He constructed the pulpit himself, and, as stated, dedicated the edifice, preaching from the words, "Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground: for it is time to seek the Lord, till He come and rain righteousness upon you." It was named first "Wesley Chapel." History records that two hundred and fifty names appeared on the subscription list, including all classes, from the Mayor to colored servants. The LIVINGSTONS, DUANES, STUYVESANTS, DELANCEYS, were among the subscribers.

EMBURY continued to minister to the people until PILMOOR and BOARDMAN, sent by Mr. WESLEY, came to this country in the autumn of 1769. A parsonage was erected in 1770 adjacent to the chapel, which afterward became the home of BOARDMAN and PILMOOR, of SHADFORD and RANKIN, of ASBURY and COKE. All this time Mr. EMBURY'S services appear to have been rendered gratuitously. Occasional donations were made to him of clothing or money, or for work as a carpenter. Before he left the city the trustees presented him with a gift of money for the purchase of a Concordance as a token of their regard. Not long after WESLEY'S first missionaries arrived Mr. EMBURY left the city to reside at Camden, a village in Washington County, New York. He continued to labor there as a local preacher, and founded a society at Ashgrove. He stood in high esteem among his neighbors, and officiated among them not only as preacher, but as a magistrate. While mowing in his field he injured himself, and died suddenly in August, 1773, aged forty-five years. He was buried on his farm. After reposing fifty-seven years in his solitary grave, his remains were disinterred with solemn ceremonies, and placed in the Ashgrove burial-ground, where the place is marked by a plain slab. Subsequently they were removed to the cemetery near Cambridge, New York, some miles distant. The portraits of EMBURY and his wife are from an original painting (the only one in existence) in possession of WILLIAM A. INGHAM, Esq., of Cleveland, Ohio.

A number of years ago the Troy Conference, in the bounds of which Mr. EMBURY'S remains repose, took steps toward erecting a monument worthy of the man and Methodism. Afterward the Rev. ARTHUR MOONEY, now a resident of Cambridge, New York, and an active member of the "National Local Preachers' Association of the Methodist Episcopal Church," was associated with the committee of the Troy Confer-

ence, and also represented the association in the matter. But little was done beyond keeping the minds of the members of the association and others upon the importance of the work.

The National Association, at its annual meeting in Urbana, Ohio, October, 1872, authorized the erection of the monument, at a cost not to exceed three thousand dollars. The monument is rather plain, substantial, and durable. It stands about thirty feet high, and is appropriately inscribed.

UNHAPPY DRONES.

MAN is naturally fond of activity, yet he has persuaded himself that he loves nothing so much as taking his ease. You will meet every day people whose whole souls appear to be in their business, who will lead you to understand that they are looking forward with a feverish longing to the time when they will be in a position to retire therefrom and lazily bask in some rural paradise. It is fortunate that but comparatively few are ever enabled to do this. The majority of those who succeed in acting in accordance with their avowed inclinations do not indicate that they find that unalloyed felicity in their retirement which they expected. The joy of possession turns out to be a small thing compared with the pleasures of anticipation. The man who sets up as an avowed drone, as soon as the novelty of his position wears off, and the excitement of settling in it subsides, begins to discover that he is not in such a state of serene bliss as he could wish. Experience confirms his impression that things are, somehow or other, "out of sorts," and, if he be an individual of nervous temperament, he descends into a chronic state of irritation and discontent. It is only your man of dull, lymphatic nature who can contentedly subside into an easy-chair existence and be satisfied so long as his meals are well cooked and he can find some congenial soul to gossip with. People of this sort, however, are the very ones who rarely, if ever, make, by their own efforts, sufficient money to enable them to fall into that position which they are more calculated than any of their fellows to adorn. They go through life in a take-it-easy sort of fashion, hoping, in an undecided, lazy manner, that they will, some time or other, be permitted to discontinue having to earn their bread before they eat it; and in this condition they quietly drop into the grave. The man of energy and decision of character, on the other hand, frequently succeeds in grasping the object of his ambition, and it is he who is deserving of the title of unhappy drone.

It is, in a general way, a long time before the unhappy drone will admit, even to himself, that he has made a mistake in retiring from all participation in the real business of life. For a season he makes all sorts of insane attempts to cause it to appear that he is reveling in his newly acquired freedom with a pure and unalloyed enjoyment. He goes in for all sorts of things. To-day you will meet him, and he will rave about the delights to be derived from gardening. He will implore you to come and see his plums, his peaches, his grapes, his geraniums—all of which are simply magnificent. But anon he grows weary of horticulture, and takes to poultry, or dogs, or horses, or some other description of hobby, which is, in its turn, deserted for something else. Not unfrequently he attempts to improve the system upon which his household is conducted, the consequence of which is that, in nine cases out of ten, he gets at loggerheads with his partner, who is not backward in declaring that he is a meddling nuisance, and that it would be a very good thing if he found something to do instead of interfering in matters about which he knows nothing whatever. Awed by such earnest remonstrances, and having a laudable objection to downright quarreling with his wife, he has the good sense, generally, after a short experimentary trial, to refrain from active interference, contenting himself with indulging in much caustic criticism at the expense of those whose duty he imagines it is to minister to his comfort and well-being. Indeed, the natural energy of his character finds a vent in continual outbursts of irritation. Not unfrequently he gets the idea into his head that there is something the matter with him, and that people are indisposed to treat his bodily ailments with that tender consideration which their importance demands. He will darkly glower at the being who ventures to enter without carefully closing the door of any apartment which he happens to be in. He will testily snarl at the miserable person who is hard-hearted enough to whistle, or talk above a whisper, when he has come to the conclusion that he has got a headache. At such times he is disposed to make many biting allusions to the utter selfishness of mankind in general, and those about whom he complains in particular. He is extremely fond of the character of critic. Often, for the lack of something better to do, he will take to writing pamphlets condemning the government, or the principles upon which the business of the country is conducted, or some other matter. It is invariably evident that he does not exactly understand that which he is talking about, and that it is probable few people besides those more immediately concerned will ever see that which has cost him so much trouble to produce. It is no seldom occurrence for him to vary the monotony of his existence by quarreling with his neighbors, and with the juvenile population, in particular, of the district in which he lives. He is particularly down on the young but hardened wretches who so frequently cause a disturbance in the vicinity of his domicile, and make inroads into his territory in search of articles which they allege having lost. Having no business of his own to engage his attention, he occasionally condescends to devote his energies and his talents to the general weal. His public career is invariably signalized by his having a number of desperate encounters with some rival, in which an amount of acrimony is displayed by word of mouth, and through the medium of the public prints, that considerably amuses disinterested lookers-on. Perhaps, when the unhappy drone has come to the conclusion that he has made a mistake, his nature is so soured and he so unsettled that all attempts to rectify it are futile. Sometimes, however, he may be seen attempting to do so. He adopts some business, as he puts it, just for the purpose of giving him something to think about, for he finds that doing nothing depresses his spirits, injures his health, and unsettles him generally. If this course be taken in time, he may, by becoming as enthusiastic as of old in the pursuit of money-getting, recover that elasticity and peaceful serenity which his ample leisure has deprived him of.

The unhappy drone—with his faculty of making himself and all those by whom he is surrounded more or less miserable—should serve as a warning.

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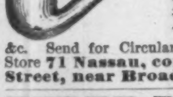

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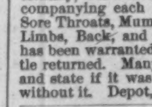

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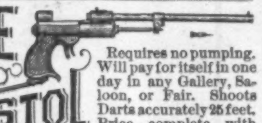

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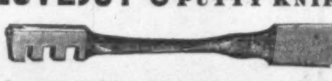

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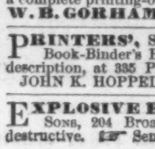

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LADY'S GORED WRAPPER .... No. 5
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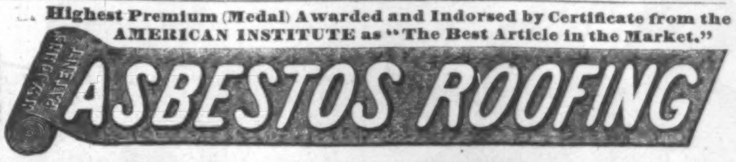

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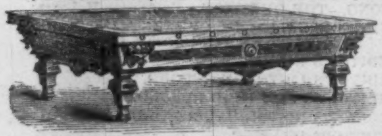

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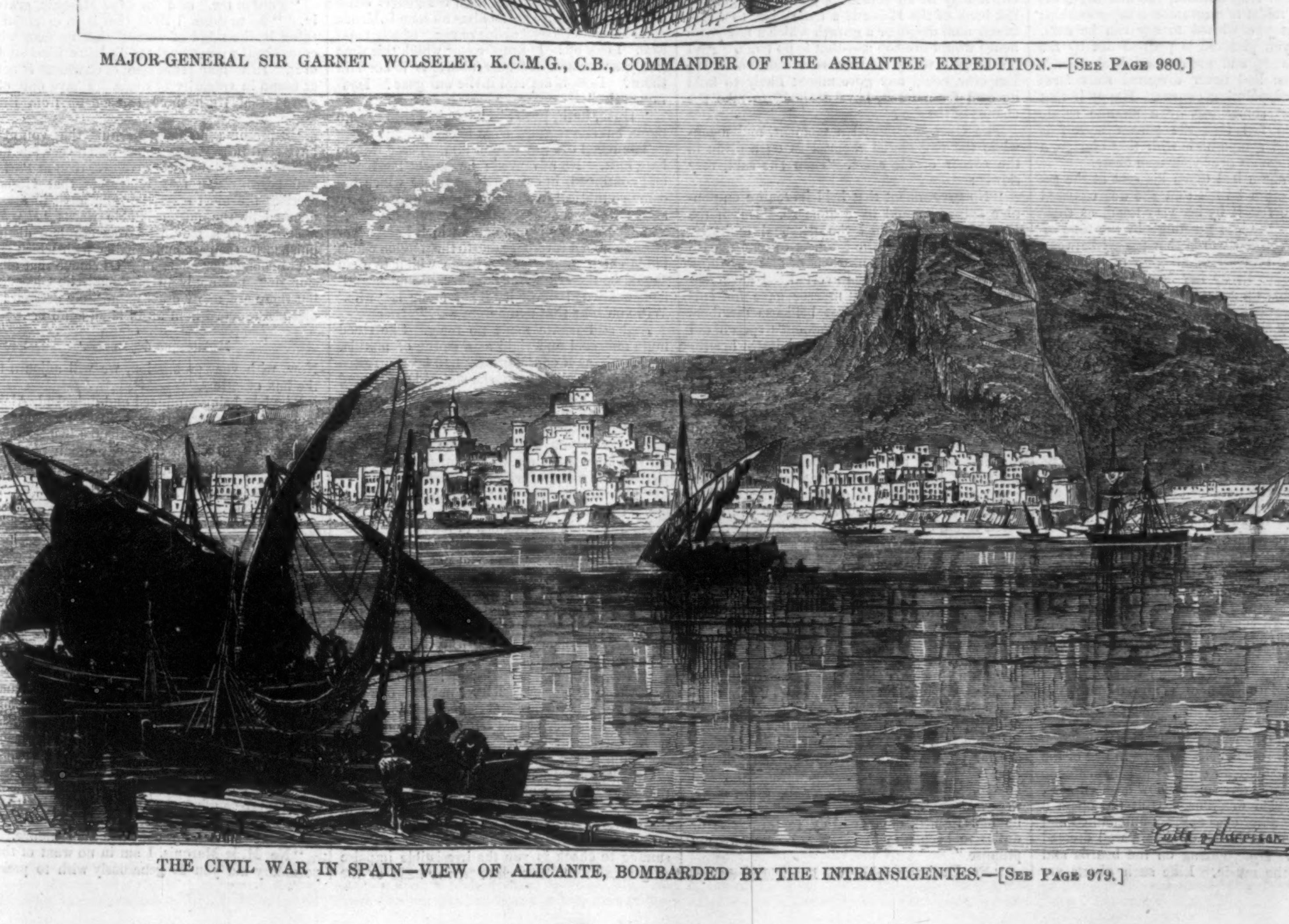
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, K.C.M.G., C.B., COMMANDER OF THE ASHANTEE EXPEDITION.—[SEE PAGE 980.]



THE CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN—VIEW OF ALICANTE, BOMBARDED BY THE INTRANSIGENTES.—[SEE PAGE 979.]

THE THRESHER.

THE young green of the leaves was gone;
The year was growing sober;
She had not put the glory on
She weareth in October—
The dress of state
In which, to wait
On Death, she doth enrobe her.

I, sitting in the farm-house door,
Looked out across the stubble,
Where, echoing from the threshing-floor,
The flail-strokes sounded double;
So sitting, sung,
For I was young,
And unacquaint with trouble.

I saw the great barn's massive beams
Of timber brown and olden,
And slantwise through its open seams
The sunbeams falling golden,
A flail that flew—
Right well I knew
In whose hand it was holden.

Down dropped the flail among the sheaves
At last: 'twas time for quitting;
For all about the great barn's eaves
The homeward doves were flitting.
Where one before,
Within the door,
Now two of us were sitting.

"How fares my cousin out of town?
Does country living charm her?
How would she like to settle down
The helpmate of a farmer?"
Ah, welladay!
He did not say,
"Be helpmate of a farmer."

The fault was mine, I own. I knew
His love, so near the telling;
I knew the love was deep and true
Within my own heart welling;
Yet now I moan,
And he alone
Sits in that cheerless dwelling.

(Continued from No. 877, page 935.)

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON),

AUTHOR OF "PELHAM," "THE CAXTONS," "THE LAST OF THE BARONS," "MY NOVEL," "THE COMING RACE," ETC., ETC.

BOOK ELEVENTH.

CHAPTER I.

AMONG the frets and checks to the course that "never did run smooth" there is one which is sufficiently frequent, for many a reader will remember the irritation it caused him. You have counted on a meeting with the beloved one unwitnessed by others, an interchange of confessions and vows which others may not hear. You have arranged almost the words in which your innermost heart is to be expressed; pictured to yourself the very looks by which those words will have their sweetest reply. The scene you have thus imagined appears to you vivid and distinct, as if foreshown in a magic glass. And suddenly, after long absence, the meeting takes place in the midst of a common companionship: nothing that you wished to say can be said. The scene you pictured is painted out by the irony of Chance, and groups and backgrounds of which you had never dreamed start forth from the disappointing canvas. Happy if that be all! But sometimes, by a strange subtle intuition, you feel that the person herself is changed; and sympathetic with that change, a terrible chill comes over your own heart.

Before Graham had taken his seat at the table beside Isaura he felt that she was changed to him. He felt it by her very touch as their hands met at the first greeting—by the tone of her voice in the few words that passed between them—by the absence of all glow in the smile which had once lit up her face, as a burst of sunshine lights up a day in spring, and gives a richer gladness of color to all its blooms. Once seated side by side, they remained for some moments silent. Indeed, it would have been rather difficult for any thing less than the wonderful intelligence of lovers between whom no wall can prevent the stolen interchange of tokens, to have ventured private talk of their own amidst the excited converse which seemed all eyes, all tongues, all ears, admitting no one present to abstract himself from the common emotion. Englishmen do not recognize the old classic law which limited the number of guests where banquets are meant to be pleasant to that of the Nine Muses. They invite guests so numerous, and so shy of launching talk across the table, that you may talk to the person next to you not less secure from listeners than you would be in talking with the stranger whom you met at a well in the Sahara. It is not so, except on state occasions, at Paris. Difficult there to retire into solitude with your next neighbor. The guests collected by Duplessis completed with himself the number of the Sacred Nine—the host, Valérie, Rochebriant, Graham, Isaura, Signora Venosta, La Duchesse de Tarascon, the wealthy and high-born Imperialist, Prince ——, and, last and least, one who shall be nameless.

I have read somewhere, perhaps in one of the books which American superstition dedicates to the mysteries of Spiritualism, how a gifted seer, technically styled medium, sees at the opera a box which to other eyes appears untenanted and empty, but to him is full of ghosts, well dressed in *costume de règle*, gazing on the boards and listening to the music. Like such ghosts are certain beings whom I call Lookers-on. Though still living, they have no share in the life they survey. They come as from another world to hear and to see what is passing in ours. In ours they lived once, but that troubled sort of life they have survived. Still, we amuse them as stage-players and puppets amuse ourselves. One of these Lookers-on completed the party at the house of Duplessis.

How lively, how animated the talk was at the financier's pleasant table that day, the 8th of July! The excitement of the coming war made itself loud in every Gallic voice, and kindled in every Gallic eye. Appeals at every second minute were made, sometimes courteous, sometimes sarcastic, to the Englishman—promising son of an eminent statesman, and native of a country in which France is always coveting an ally, and always suspecting an enemy. Certainly Graham could not have found a less propitious moment for asking Isaura if she really *were* changed. And certainly the honor of Great Britain was never less ably represented (that is saying a great deal) than it was on this occasion by the young man reared to diplomacy and aspiring to Parliamentary distinction. He answered all questions with a constrained voice and an insipid smile—all questions pointedly addressed to him as to what demonstrations of admiring sympathy with the gallantry of France might be expected from the English government and people; what his acquaintance with the German races led him to suppose would be the effect on the southern states of the first defeat of the Prussians; whether the man called Moltke was not a mere strategist on paper, a crotchety pedant; whether, if Belgium became so enamored of the glories of France as to solicit fusion with her people, England would have a right to offer any objection, etc., etc. I do not think that during that festival Graham once thought one-millionth so much about the fates of Prussia and France as he did think, "Why is that girl so changed to me? Merciful Heaven! is she lost to my life?"

By training, by habit, even by passion, the man was a genuine politician, cosmopolitan as well as patriotic, accustomed to consider what effect every vibration in that balance of European power, which no deep thinker can despise, must have on the destinies of civilized humanity, and on those of the nation to which he belongs. But are there not moments in life when the human heart suddenly narrows the circumference to which its emotions are extended? As the ebb of a tide, it retreats from the shores it had covered on its flow, drawing on with contracted waves the treasure-trove it has selected to hoard amidst its deeps.

CHAPTER II.

ON quitting the dining-room the Duchesse de Tarascon said to her host, on whose arm she was leaning, "Of course you and I must go with the stream. But is not all the fine talk that has passed to-day at your table, and in which we too have joined, a sort of hypocrisy? I may say this to you; I would say it to no other."

"And I say to you, Madame la Duchesse, that which I would say to no other. Thinking over it as I sit alone, I find myself making a 'terrible hazard;' but when I go abroad and become infected by the general enthusiasm, I pluck up gayety of spirit, and whisper to myself, 'True, but it may be an enormous gain.' To get the left bank of the Rhine is a trifle; but to check in our next neighbor a growth which a few years hence would overtop us—that is no trifle. And be the gain worth the hazard or not, could the Emperor, could any government likely to hold its own for a week, have declined to take the chance of the die?"

The Duchesse mused a moment, and meanwhile the two seated themselves on a divan in the corner of the *salon*. Then she said, very slowly:

"No government that held its tenure on popular suffrage could have done so. But if the Emperor had retained the personal authority which once allowed the intellect of one man to control and direct the passions of many, I think the war would have been averted. I have reason to know that the Emperor gave his emphatic support to the least bellicose members of the council, and that Gramont's speech did not contain the passage that precipitates hostilities when the council in which it was framed broke up. These fatal words were forced upon him by the temper in which the ministers found the Chamber, and the reports of the popular excitement which could not be resisted without imminent danger of revolution. It is Paris that has forced the war on the Emperor. But enough of this subject. What must be must; and, as you say, the gain may be greater than the hazard. I come to something else you whispered to me before we went in to dinner—a sort of complaint which wounds me sensibly. You say I have assisted to a choice of danger, and possibly of death, a very distant connection of mine, who might have been a very near connection of yours. You mean Alain de Rochebriant?"

"Yes; I accept him as a suitor for the hand of my only daughter."

"I am so glad, not for your sake so much as for his. No one can know him well without appreciating in him the finest qualities of the finest order of the French noble; but having known your pretty Valérie so long, my congratulations are for the man who can win her. Meanwhile hear my explanation: when I promised Alain any interest I can command for the grade of officer in a regiment of Mobiles, I knew not that he had formed, or was likely to form, ties or duties to keep him at home. I withdraw my promise."

"No, Duchesse, fulfill it. I should be disloyal indeed if I robbed a sovereign under whose tranquil and prosperous reign I have acquired, with no dishonor, the fortune which Order proffers to Commerce, of one gallant defender in the hour of need. And, speaking frankly, if Alain were really my son, I think I am Frenchman enough to remember that France is my mother."

"Say no more, my friend—say no more," cried the Duchesse, with the warm blood of the heart rushing through all the delicate coatings of pearl powder. "If every Frenchman felt as you do; if in this Paris of ours all hostilities of class may merge in the one thought of the common country; if in French hearts there yet thrill the same sentiment as that which, in the terrible days when all other ties were rent asunder, revered France as mother, and rallied her sons to her aid against the confederacy of Europe—why, then, we need not grow pale with dismay at the sight of a Prussian needle-gun. Hist! look yonder. Is not that a tableau of Youth in Arcady? Worlds rage around, and Love, unconcerned, whispers to Love!" The Duchesse here pointed to a corner of the adjoining room in which Alain and Valérie sat apart, he whispering into her ear, her cheek downcast, and, even seen at that distance, brightened by the delicate tenderness of its blushes.

CHAPTER III.

BUT in that small assembly there were two who did not attract the notice of Duplessis, or of the Lady of the Imperial Court. While the Prince —— and the placid Looker-on were engaged at a contest of *écarté*, with the lively Venosta, for the gallery, interposing criticisms and admonitions, Isaura was listlessly turning over a collection of photographs strewed on a table that stood near to an open window in the remoter angle of the room, communicating with a long and wide balcony filled partially with flowers, and overlooking the Champs Elysées, softly lit up by the innumerable summer stars. Suddenly a whisper, the command of which she could not resist, thrilled through her ear, and sent the blood rushing back to her heart.

"Do you remember that evening at Enghien? how I said that our imagination could not carry us beyond the question whether we two should be gazing together that night twelvemonths on that star which each of us had singled out from the hosts of heaven? That was the 8th of July. It is the 8th of July once more. Come and seek for our chosen star. Come. I have something to say which say I must. Come."

Mechanically, as it were—mechanically, as they tell us the Somnambulist obeys the Mesmerizer—Isaura obeyed that summons. In a kind of dreamy submission she followed his steps, and found herself on the balcony, flowers around her and stars above, by the side of the man who had been to her that being ever surrounded by flowers and lighted by stars—the ideal of Romance to the heart of virgin Woman.

"Isaura," said the Englishman, softly. At the sound of her own name for the first time heard from those lips every nerve in her frame quivered. "Isaura, I have tried to live without you. I can not. You are all in all to me. Without you it seems to me as if earth had no flowers, and even heaven had withdrawn its stars. Are there differences between us; differences of taste, of sentiments, of habits, of thought? Only let me hope that you can love me a tenth part so much as I love you, and such differences cease to be discord. Love harmonizes all sounds, blends all colors into its own divine oneness of heart and soul. Look up! Is not the star which this time last year invited our gaze above, is it not still there? Does it not still invite our gaze? Isaura, speak!"

"Hush, hush, hush!" The girl could say no more, but she recoiled from his side.

The recoil did not wound him. There was no hate in it. He advanced; he caught her hand, and continued, in one of those voices which became so musical in summer nights under starry skies:

"Isaura, there is one name which I can never utter without a reverence due to the religion which binds earth to heaven—a name which to man should be the symbol of life cheered and beautified, exalted, hallowed. That name is 'wife.' Will you take that name from me?"

And still Isaura made no reply. She stood mute and cold and rigid as a statue of marble. At length, as if consciousness had been arrested and was struggling back, she sighed heavily, and pressed her hands slowly over her forehead.

"Mockery, mockery!" she said then, with a smile half bitter, half plaintive, on her colorless lips. "Did you wait to ask me that question till you knew what my answer must be? I have pledged the name of wife to another."

"No, no; you say that to rebuke, to punish me. Unsay it! unsay it!"

Isaura beheld the anguish of his face with bewildered eyes. "How can my words pain you?" she said, drearily. "Did you not write that I had unfitted myself to be wife to you?"

"I?"

"That I had left behind me the peaceful immunities of private life? I felt you were so right! Yes! I am affianced to one who thinks that in spite of that misfortune—"

"Stop, I command you—stop! You saw my letter to Mrs. Morley. I have not had one moment free from torture and remorse since I wrote it. But whatever in that letter you might justly resent—"

"I did not resent—"

Graham heard not the interruption, but hurried on. "You would forgive could you read my heart. No matter. Every sentiment in that letter, except those which conveyed admiration, I retract. Be mine, and instead of presuming to check in you the irresistible impulse of genius to the first place in the head or the heart of the world, I will teach myself to encourage, to share, to exult in it. Do you know what a difference there is between the absent one and the present one—between the distant image against whom our doubts, our fears, our suspicions raise up hosts of imaginary giants, barriers of visionary walls, and the beloved face before the sight of which the hosts are fled, the walls are vanished? Isaura, we meet again. You know now from my own lips that I love you. I think your lips will not deny that you love me. You say that you are affianced to another. Tell the man frankly, honestly, that you mistook your heart. It is not yours to give. Save yourself, save him, from a union in which there can be no happiness."

"It is too late," said Isaura, with hollow tones, but with no trace of vacillating weakness on her brow and lips. "Did I say now to that other one, 'I break the faith that I pledged to you,' I should kill him, body and soul. Slight thing though I be, to him I am all in all; to you, Mr. Vane, to you a memory—the memory of one whom a year, perhaps a month hence, you will rejoice to think you have escaped."

She passed from him—passed away from the flowers and the starlight; and when Graham—recovering from the stun of her crushing words, and with the haughty mien and step of the man who goes forth from the ruin of his hopes, leaning for support upon his pride—when Graham re-entered the room all the guests had departed save only Alain, who was still exchanging whispered words with Valérie.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day, at the hour appointed, Graham entered Alain's apartment. "I am glad to tell you," said the Marquis, gayly, "that the box has arrived, and we will very soon examine its contents. Breakfast claims precedence." During the meal Alain was in gay spirits, and did not at first notice the gloomy countenance and abstracted mood of his guest. At length, surprised at the dull response to his lively sallies on the part of a man generally so pleasant in the frankness of his speech, and the cordial ring of his sympathetic laugh, it occurred to him that the change in Graham must be ascribed to something that had gone wrong in the meeting with Isaura the evening before; and remembering the curtness with which Graham had implied disinclination to converse about the fair Italian, he felt perplexed how to reconcile the impulse of his good nature with the discretion imposed on his good-breeding. At all events, a compliment to the lady whom Graham had so admired could do no harm.

"How well Mademoiselle Cicogna looked last night!"

"Did she? It seemed to me that in health at least she did not look very well. Have you heard what day M. Thiers will speak on the war?"

"Thiers? No. Who cares about Thiers? Thank Heaven, his day is past! I don't know any unmarried woman in Paris, not even Valérie—I mean Mademoiselle Duplessis—who has so exquisite a taste in dress as Mademoiselle Cicogna. Generally speaking, the taste of a female author is atrocious."

"Really—I did not observe her dress. I am no critic on subjects so dainty as the dress of ladies, or the tastes of female authors."

"Pardon me," said the *beau* Marquis, gravely. "As to dress, I think that is so essential a thing in the mind of woman that no man who cares about women ought to disdain critical study of it. In woman refinement of character is never found in vulgarity of dress. I have only observed that truth since I came up from Bretagne."

"I presume, my dear Marquis, that you may have read in Bretagne books which very few not being professed scholars have ever read at Paris; and possibly you may remember that Horace ascribes the most exquisite refinement in dress, denoted by the untranslatable words '*simplex munditiis*,' to a lady who was not less distinguished by the ease and rapidity with which she could change her affection. Of course that allusion does not apply to Mademoiselle Cicogna; but there are many other exquisitely dressed ladies at Paris of whom an ill-fated admirer

'fidem
Mutatosque deos flebit.'

Now, with your permission, we will adjourn to the box of letters."

The box being produced and unlocked, Alain looked with conscientious care at its contents before he passed over to Graham's inspection a few epistles, in which the Englishman immediately detected the same handwriting as that of the letter from Louise which Richard King had bequeathed to him.

They were arranged and numbered chronologically.

LETTER I.

"DEAR M. LE MARQUIS,—How can I thank you sufficiently for obtaining and remitting to me those certificates? You are too aware of the unhappy episode in my life not to know how inestimable is the service you render me. I am saved all further molestation from the man who had indeed no right over my freedom, but whose persecution might compel me to the scandal and disgrace of an appeal to the law for protection, and the avowal of the illegal marriage into which I was duped. I would rather be torn limb from limb by wild horses, like the queen in the history books, than dishonor myself and the ancestry which I may at least claim on the mother's side by proclaiming that I had lived with that low Englishman as his wife, when I was only—O Heavens! I can not conclude the sentence.

"No, M. le Marquis, I am in no want of the pecuniary aid you so generously wish to press

on me. Though I know not where to address my poor dear uncle—though I doubt, even if I did, whether I could venture to confide to him the secret known only to yourself as to the name I now bear—and if he hear of me at all he must believe me dead—yet I have enough left of the money he last remitted to me for present support: and when that fails, I think, what with my knowledge of English and such other slender accomplishments as I possess, I could maintain myself as a teacher or governess in some German family. At all events, I will write to you again soon, and I entreat you to let me know all you can learn about my uncle. I feel so grateful to you for your just disbelief of the horrible calumny which must be so intolerably galling to a man so proud, and, whatever his errors, so incapable of a baseness.

"Direct to me *Poste restante*, Augsburg.

"Yours, with all consideration,

"——."

Letter II.

(Seven months after the date of Letter I.)

"Augsburg.

"Dear M. le Marquis,—I thank you for your kind little note informing me of the pains you have taken, as yet with no result, to ascertain what has become of my unfortunate uncle. My life since I last wrote has been a very quiet one. I have been teaching among a few families here, and among my pupils are two little girls of very high birth. They have taken so great a fancy to me that their mother has just asked me to come and reside at their house as governess. What wonderfully kind hearts those Germans have, so simple, so truthful! They raise no troublesome questions—accept my own story implicitly." (Here follow a few commonplace sentences about the German character, and a postscript.) "I go into my new home next week. When you hear more of my uncle, direct to me at the Countess von Rudesheim, Schloss N—— M——, near Berlin."

"Rudesheim!" Could this be the relation, possibly the wife, of the Count von Rudesheim with whom Graham had formed acquaintance last year?

Letter III.

(Between three and four years after the date of the last.)

"You startle me indeed, dear M. le Marquis. My uncle said to have been recognized in Algeria, under another name, a soldier in the Algerine army? My dear, proud, luxurious uncle! Ah, I can not believe it any more than you do: but I long eagerly for such further news as you can learn of him. For myself, I shall perhaps surprise you when I say I am about to be married. Nothing can exceed the amiable kindness I have received from the Rudesheims since I have been in their house. For the last year especially I have been treated on equal terms as one of the family. Among the habitual visitors at the house is a gentleman of noble birth, but not of rank too high, nor of fortune too great, to make a marriage with the French widowed governess a *mésalliance*. I am sure that he loves me sincerely; and he is the only man I ever met whose love I have cared to win. We are to be married in the course of the year. Of course he is ignorant of my painful history, and will never learn it. And, after all, Louise D—— is dead. In the home to which I am about to remove there is no probability that the wretched Englishman can ever cross my path. My secret is as safe with you as in the grave that holds her whom in the name of Louise D—— you once loved. Henceforth I shall trouble you no more with my letters; but if you hear any thing decisively authentic of my uncle's fate, write to me a line at any time, directed as before to Madame M——, inclosed to the Countess von Rudesheim.

"And accept, for all the kindness you have ever shown me, as to one whom you did not disdain to call a kinswoman, the assurance of my undying gratitude. In the alliance she now makes your kinswoman does not discredit the name through which she is connected with the yet loftier line of Rochebriant."

To this letter the late Marquis had appended in pencil: "Of course a Rochebriant never denies the claim of a kinswoman, even though a drawing-master's daughter. Beautiful creature, Louise, but a termagant! I could not love Venus if she were a termagant. L.'s head turned by the unlucky discovery that her mother was noble. In one form or other every woman has the same disease—vanity. Name of her intended not mentioned—easily found out."

The next letter was dated May 7, 1859, on black-edged paper, and contained but these lines:

"I was much comforted by your kind visit yesterday, dear Marquis. My affliction has been heavy. But for the last two years my poor husband's conduct has rendered my life unhappy, and I am recovering the shock of his sudden death. It is true that I and the children are left very ill provided for; but I can not accept your generous offer of aid. Have no fear as to my future fate. Adieu, my dear Marquis! This will reach you just before you start for Naples. *Bon voyage.*"

There was no address on this note—no postmark on the envelope—evidently sent by hand.

The last note, dated 1861, March 20, was briefer than its predecessor.

"I have taken your advice, dear Marquis, and, overcoming all scruples, I have accepted his kind offer, on the condition that I am never to be taken to England. I had no option in this marriage. I can now own to you that my poverty had become urgent.

"Yours, with inalienable gratitude,

"——."

This last note, too, was without postmark, and as evidently sent by hand.

"There are no other letters, then, from this writer?" asked Graham; "and no further clew as to her existence?"

"None that I have discovered; and I see now why I have preserved these letters. There is nothing in their contents not creditable to my poor father. They show how capable he was of good-natured, disinterested kindness toward even a distant relation of whom he could certainly not have been proud, judging not only by his own penciled note, or by the writer's condition as a governess, but by her loose sentiments as to the marriage tie. I have not the slightest idea who she could be. I never at least heard of one connected, however distantly, with my family whom I could identify with the writer of these letters."

"I may hold them a short time in my possession?"

"Pardon me a preliminary question. If I may venture to form a conjecture, the object of your search must be connected with your countryman, whom the lady politely calls the 'wretched Englishman;' but I own I should not like to lend, through these letters, a pretense to any steps that may lead to a scandal in which my father's name or that of any member of my family could be mixed up."

"Marquis, it is to prevent the possibility of all scandal that I ask you to trust these letters to my discretion."

"*Foi de gentilhomme?*"

"*Foi de gentilhomme!*"

"Take them. When and where shall we meet again?"

"Soon, I trust; but I must leave Paris this evening. I am bound to Berlin in quest of this Countess von Rudesheim: and I fear that in a very few days intercourse between France and the German frontier will be closed upon travelers."

After a few more words not worth recording, the two young men shook hands and parted.

[to be continued.]

THE WAR IN SPAIN—ALICANTE.

"Alicante, a purely mercantile place, is much addicted to smuggling, and hence the secret of its many patriotic *pronunciamentos*. The moment liberty is proclaimed, license is the rule, the public till is robbed, and the authorities dispossessed." Thus writes Mr. Ford in his handbook to Spain; but for once Alicante has not held true to her reputation, as throughout the recent troubles town and people have been remarkably quiet, and have even withstood the perils of a severe bombardment rather than join the cause of disorder.

The town, of which we give a view on page 977, situated on the southeast coast of Spain, lies imbedded between two mountains, contains something over 31,000 inhabitants, and possesses one fort, built on a rock four hundred feet high, the sole defense of the city. The general aspect of Alicante is that of an average Spanish seaport. The streets are crooked and narrow, though clean, and the people are more industrious than their brethren of the interior, one of the best cigar factories being situated here, in which upward of four thousand women are employed. Alicante's chief source of prosperity, however, lies in its export trade, consisting of wine, almonds, barilla, olive-oil, brandy, figs, wool, silk, linen, and Esparto grass, while, owing to the town being the terminus of the Southeastern Railway of Spain, the imports are almost as large in proportion. Considerable numbers of English and other foreign merchants have established themselves here, and it was undoubtedly the reputation for wealth and prosperity which it enjoys that induced the insurgents to attempt to subdue Alicante. An account of the bombardment has already been given in our news column, but we may mention that the garrison and inhabitants acted with considerable bravery, and, notwithstanding the injury inflicted by the shells of the bombarding frigates, finally compelled the enemy to retire unsuccessful, and with considerable loss.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S "UNIVERSAL JUDGMENT."

The greatest of all catastrophes drew nigh when Michael Angelo had finished the vault of the Sistine Chapel—I mean the sacking of Rome by the Spaniards and Germans under the command of the High Constable Bourbon. The Spaniards, deprived of their pay, suffered greatly from famine. Religious fury took possession of the Germans, enemies of the Pope. The Spanish general brought with him a chain, and intended to cut off the head of the Catholic high-priest the day he should enter into the city, which he called sacrilegious Babylon. The High Constable wished to teach a terrible lesson to Clement VII., the enemy of his new master, Charles V.

Rome had been restored by eighty years of artistic labor—reclothed with marble; painted by Raphael and his disciples; covered with statues which seemed to arise by enchantment from the ruins; enriched by Leo X. with all the ornaments of the Renaissance; filled with treasures by the people, who crowded as pilgrims to kiss his brazen slipper, to worship in his religious sepulchres, in his admirable temples. Full of palaces erected by a wealthy and powerful aristocracy, she had reconquered her ancient fame, and shone in all her spiritual splendor, with as much glory as she had formerly done among the spoils of the world. Her great riches excited the cupidity of the Spaniards and the Germans, all of them warriors by profession, and consequently all of them addicted to pillage, then considered the proper harvest of the sword. Thus it was in vain to make a truce. Those twenty-five thousand men, Italian adventurers, Spaniards, by profession soldiers, German Protestants, drew onward, marching toward Rome, with the voracious hunger of the legions of Attila, of those birds of prey darting from the pole on the corpse of ancient Rome.

It was a morning in the month of May, 1527. The High Constable demanded a passage for Naples; the Pope refused. The assault followed the refusal. The Spaniards wavered, but their generalissimo, the High Constable, placed with his own hands the ladder against the wall of the Holy City. An archer took aim and killed him. In his death agony he covered himself with a Spanish mantle, in order that he should not be recognized, and so cause panic among his soldiers. The Spaniards entered by the walls near St. Peter's, the Germans by the gate of Santo Spirito, the Italians by the gate of San Pancrazio, like three torrents which rush together and mingle their waters in the same bed. The Pope had barely time to pass from the Vatican to San Angelo, under a shower of bullets, and Pablo Jovio flung over him a violet-colored robe, in order that the white pontifical garments should not serve as a mark for the enemy's musketry. It seemed—so great was the turmoil—as if Genseric and Alaric, as if the Goths and Vandals, had arisen to trouble the city. Here they fought hand to hand, there the houses were in flames, in every part slaughter and pillage! Some cut the fingers from the bodies of the vanquished to tear off the rings; many who were consecrated to the service of the Lord were outraged on the altars. Many of the Roman women were cut to pieces to satisfy the blood-thirsty passions of the invaders. Young maidens threw themselves into the arms of their fathers and brothers, tearfully imploring death rather than dishonor. The night increased the horrors of the bloody saturnalia. By the light of torches the plunderers hacked down the pictures; filled sacks with the ornaments; profaned the sanctuaries in searching for precious stones; celebrated their victory by drinking wine out of the sacred chalices; beat and spat upon the cardinals; surmounted their military casques with mitres; clothed the *cantinières* with the robes of the Virgin; pronounced ridiculous and profane sermons, standing defiantly on heaps of dead and wounded, many of whom still breathed; made fantastic processions; decapitated many; cut the ears from asses and placed them on the tortured faces of the clergy, throwing smoking intestines and bleeding hearts at the feet of the images. Terrible carnival! whose horrors were increased by the noise and rattle of muskets, the fall of ruins, the crackling of the flaming houses, the blasphemies and loud laughter of the drunken and voluptuous, the maledictions of the conquerors, the supplications of the conquered, the terrified rushing of the fugitives, the death-rattle of the dying, and the silence of the dead left naked on the smoking and ensanguined stones, as if that dreadful night were the last night of unhappy Rome—as if those were the fatal hours for the work of the exterminating angels of the world!

The desolation of that city was unequaled. Shut up in prison, the Pope, Clement VII., ate the flesh of horses and asses. The dead, avenging their immolation, engendered a pestilence. Before Rome had quite recovered from these fearful calamities, which occupied almost all the second half of the century, Michael Angelo entered her gates to conclude his labors, to enrich with another masterpiece the Sistine Chapel, to leave on the central wall the "Universal Judgment." The great tragedy just mentioned gave him inspiration; the death of his country's liberty, the new ruin of Rome, the triumph of reform over a part of the human race, the victory of time over his own life, of old age on his powers, of sorrow on his soul. While sketching his gigantic work, a thousand times he believed himself dying. At last, falling from the scaffold, he opened a wound in his leg, and shutting himself up in his house, resolved to leave it no more till carried to the tomb. One of his friends, a physician, went to see him, called him by name, and receiving no answer, broke his way into the house like a robber, and eventually succeeded in tearing him from his melancholy.

The fate of Italy is one of the wounds which remain in the heart, and consequently one of the inspirations of its conscience. The study of Dante, soothing and apocalyptic, animates and sustains it. Taking an outline with a very wide margin, Michael Angelo filled it in with designs from poetic visions, and from exquisite and life-like sculptures. For three centuries the great poem of Dante explained and beautified the "Universal Judgment" of Michael Angelo, as the poem of Homer gave vitality to the tragedies of Æschylus. The human frame and its organism, heretofore little studied by him, and almost unknown, is the principal element of his plastic conceptions. In the Universe he saw but man alone. His anthropology is less soft and harmonious than that of Greece—it is gigantic. His men are immense, like his ideas. From this arises a certain contempt which he occasionally shows for beauty in immortal serenity, and a certain unrestrained liberty with regard to the sublime. When young, he changed his living models for corpses. For twelve years he lived studying and almost analyzing the dead. One time he became infected with the virus of putrefaction, and was at the point of death from an effort to extract the sublime from a skeleton laid aside as useless by the world.

His profound study of the anatomy of the human form is visible in this picture, in this poem. All griefs have shaken those bodies whose nerves are contracted in violent agitation. All the figures are undraped. Michael Angelo dared much in the Sistine Chapel when he commenced the reaction against Renaissance—when hypocrisy went so far as to take the winding-sheet of the Middle Ages wherewith to shroud nature anew. It is difficult now to imagine the scandal which this audacity on the part of the artist produced in that age, already separated from the semi-pagan days of Leo X. Aretino, who delighted in depicting all kinds of unveiled impurity, was much offended with the chaste nudity of true art. Biagio, master of the ceremonies to Paul III., implored the painter, on the part of the pontiff, to drape his figures, and not expose the human form so completely. "Tell the Pope," replied Michael Angelo, "that with regard to the pictures, they may be corrected in a few minutes, but his Holiness will find it difficult to improve the world." As a punishment to Biagio, he painted him with the ears of an ass in the depths of hell. The master of the ceremonies ran to complain to Paul III. of the affront put on his respectable person. "He has put me in the picture," he said, weeping like a child, and tremulous as an old man; "I beg your Holiness will take me out of that." "But where has he placed thee?" demanded the pontiff. "In hell, your Holiness, in hell," replied Biagio, sobbing. "If thou hadst been in purgatory," said the Pope, "I would have removed thee, but I have no authority whatever in hell."

It is impossible to detail all that has been said about this wonderful fresco. The Academical School, which predominated during the past century, and so much resembled the hybrid and wearisome narrowness of many literary critics, terrified at all greatness, which overwhelmed its own irremediable littleness, has treated it as an ill-designed daub. There is one writer who describes this great work as a collection of frogs. Three hundred undraped figures—some of them half clothed at a later period by Volterra, who earned for himself by this artistic profanation the name of *Braghetone*—three hundred nude figures grouped together in a mural picture, with fifty feet of height and forty of breadth. One readily understands that it cost much time and labor. One is disposed to examine it with the same attention with which one listens to an air of Beethoven. Those who are naturally irreverent and unimpressed in presence of art will after some time feel and admire its beauties, and become absorbed in the profound contemplation of that marvelous masterpiece of genius. The artist should not attempt to imitate it, because there are certain personalities in history, there are certain styles in art and literature, whose individuality is so powerful, whose stature is so elevated, whose centre of gravity is so removed from the sphere of general gravitation, that to follow them would cause a vertigo, and the bold mortal attempting to imitate them would but expose himself to a perilous fall.

Nature is but little represented in the picture; Michael Angelo has only depicted air and light. The planets are not seen revolving majestically through space, nor the sun dyed in gold and crimson, nor the mountains rent in pieces, nor the raging sea tossed in foaming waves by a terrible tempest; nothing of this—in the blue air, in the air alone, passes the awful scene occupied solely by human bodies and celestial clouds, and over both the anger of the Eternal.

In the first compartment there is the boat of Charon on a leaden river, and at the left we see the lurid and sinister light of purgatory. Above are the dead, awakening at the sound of the trumpet, raising the marble of their sepulchres, rending their grave-clothes, shaking the dust from their almost naked skeletons and the sleep from the nearly empty sockets of their mortal eyes. Among the dead there arise many who have scarcely recovered the power of motion; they struggle violently to help themselves; agitated by uncertainty, listening to the irrevocable sentence, bearing on their shoulders the weight—more or less heavy—of their worldly works. Among those who move rapidly there are some who despair, others who pray, more who hope, and many who help and support each other. To the right of Christ is a bright group of women already saved, who all intone a hymn; and among them one is sublime—a mother who has just heard the judgment on her daughter, whom she folds in her arms with a rapturous embrace, assuring herself of the happiness she can scarce believe. Near the women is a group of angels, who appear by their melancholy to receive in their faces a shower of tears, borne to them by the wind. Below the angels are the blessed, many of whom recognize each other, after many ages, and embrace on the heights of the Eternal City. In the centre Jesus in anger curses, condemns, punishes, without heeding the prayers of his mother, separating himself from the lost ones without even looking toward them, lest he should alleviate with his glance their eternal torments. Adam, in majestic old age, is by his side, resuming his humanity as Christ returns to the heavens. But where the genius of Michael Angelo is shown in all its grandeur is in that immense torrent of the condemned, who fall overcome by the terrible sentence, some inert as withered leaves, others contracting their bodies in agony, as if they could rebel against their eternal doom, already biting their hands and tearing their hair, already awe-stricken by the sight of the flames before them, and delirious from terror—all in the most cruel physical and moral torture; Titans, full of life, of flesh and blood, offering an abundant food for torment; Titans who roar, curse, and revile, who spit horrors from their mouths, and struggle furiously with the serpents twined around their bodies, and look in the air for a cloud to cover them, and fall with a fearful shuddering, as if at the first contact of their flesh with the molten lead in the eternal fire!—*Old Rome and New Italy. By Emilio Castelar.*

THE ASHANTEE WAR.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GARNET J. WOLSELEY, K.C.M.G., C.B.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GARNET J. WOLSELEY, whose portrait is given on page 977, was born June 4, 1833, at Golden Bridge House, County Dublin. He belongs to the family of WOLSE-LEYS of Wolseley Hall, Staffordshire, his great-grandfather having been Sir RICHARD WOLSELEY, the first Irish baronet. He entered the army in March, 1852, took part in the Burmese war of 1852–53, was severely wounded, when leading a storming-party, March 19, 1853, and was mentioned in dispatches for his gallant conduct. He landed in the Crimea December 5, 1854, with the Ninetieth Light Infantry, and served in the trenches as an assistant engineer until Sebastopol fell. He was engaged in the assault and subsequent defense of the Quarries on June 7, 1855. He was on duty in the trenches during the attack of June 18, and was severely wounded in a sortie August 30, when in charge of the advanced sap. He was several times mentioned in dispatches. He was wrecked in H.M.S. *Transit* in the Straits of Banca in 1857, when on passage with his regiment to China. He served during the Indian mutiny from 1857 to 1859, and was present at the relief of Lucknow, defense of the Alumbagh by OUTRAM, with the several engagements there, and at the siege and capture of Lucknow. He was subsequently Quartermaster-General to Sir HOPE GRANT's force in Oudh, and was with it during the actions of Baree, Nawabgunj, and the numerous other engagements of the Oudh campaigns of 1858 and 1859. During this period he was repeatedly mentioned in dispatches. He served on the Quartermaster-General's staff during the Chinese war of 1860, and was present at the assault of the Taku forts and all the other engagements of the war. He commanded the expedition sent in 1870 from Canada to the Red River territory for the suppression of the rebel government established at Fort Garry against the Queen's authority. Sir G. WOLSELEY is the author of a work upon the Chinese war of 1860, of the *Soldier's Pocket-Book*, and a *Hand-Book for the Auxiliary Forces.* He was married in 1867 to LOUISA, daughter of A. ERSKINE, Esq. For his services Sir GARNET has received the Pegu, the Crimean, the Turkish, the Indian mutiny, and the Chinese war medals; he is Knight of the Legion of Honor, of the Medjidie, of St. Michael and St. George, and Companion of the Bath. On being appointed to the chief command of the expedition against the Ashantees Sir G. WOLSELEY was raised to the local rank of major-general.

THE ASHANTEE WAR—TRAVELING ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

TRAVELING IN WEST AFRICA.

The absence of horses and of other beasts of burden, combined with the density of the tropical jungles and forests, renders locomotion, at all events for Europeans, especially difficult in this

part of the world, and hence doubtless the preparations made by the English government for laying down a line of railway in order to get at the enemy. No roads from the coast exist through the forests and swamps, only narrow paths like sheep-walks, which the natives traverse in single file. If troops could so march, which is not feasible, they could be accompanied by no artillery or supplies on wheels, and would, of course, be perpetually at the mercy of hostile marksmen concealed in the dense bush. The engraving on the preceding page, taken from a photograph by an officer of H.M.S. *Druid*, represents the mode of traveling on the West Coast. "We mount," he says, "in a very light trap drawn by six negroes, and accompanied by two others. In this we traverse all the open country; when this terminates we leave the trap, and are carried in hammocks, four men carrying each hammock; and when the bush becomes too thick for this method of transit we get out and walk." The natural obstacles to be encountered in this war are indeed more to be dreaded than the natives against whom it is waged.

PRAYING FOR DELIVERANCE FROM CHOLERA—A ROAD-SIDE SKETCH IN AUSTRIAN POLAND.

PRAYING FOR DELIVERANCE FROM CHOLERA.

NOWHERE has the epidemic of cholera been so virulent this year as in Poland. There the disease began in the spring, and spreading throughout Galicia, in six months had attacked 51,000 persons, of whom from 19,000 to 20,000 died. The epidemic also spread far and wide throughout Northeastern Europe, principally through the wood-cutters and raftsmen of the Vistula, who carried the disease with them on their journeys down the river, and infected the various towns and villages *en route*. The accompanying sketch is taken in the environs of that ancient Polish capital, Cracow. "It is not pleasant to make sketches with a skeleton looking over your shoulder," writes the artist. "I would not have come here at all but to please a friend. Returning from dining in the environs with a Polish lady who had left the city for her health, I was much struck with the scene portrayed in my sketch—some peasants praying for deliverance from cholera, under a tree by the road-side, just outside the town. There they had improvised an altar, which they had illuminated, and now were chanting their devotions. My friend and I alighted from our carriage, put something in the plate, and stood aside for a few moments to listen to the singing. The scene was graphic and most picturesque, with the quaint semi-Russian costume of the peasantry, the men with their canvas trowsers and black boots, and the bare-footed women with their handkerchief-covered heads. The cholera has fallen very heavily this year upon Cracow, its principal ravages being among the large colony of Jews congregated there. I hear their kindness to each other has been remarkable. All the Christians who possibly can have left the town, which has lost many thousands

out of its small population, and one continually meets in the streets numbers of roughly put together white deal boxes, the aspect of their bad workmanship and open joints inspiring the most melancholy reflections."

CHINESE SUPERSTITION.

ONE very extraordinary way in which Chinese superstition shows itself is in connection with the system of ancestral worship, to which they attach extreme importance. They seem to believe that the unseen world is, in a certain way, a counterpart of things visible, and that the spirits of the departed stand in need of the same support as they did when living—food, clothes, and houses—reduced, however, to a state suitable for the use of the invisible, which they seem to imagine is to be attained by the process of burning! They have a curious way of carrying their superstition into effect. Having to provide, not on the day of the funeral alone, but in perpetuity, for the comforts of the departed, they take care that clothing, furniture, and money shall cost them as little as possible. They therefore manufacture imitations of these necessaries in paper, the paper money being covered with tin or gilt foil; and on some occasions a paper house, ready furnished, is burned and passed entire into the unseen world.

The food of the spirits is managed more simply still. The feast is spread, hot and steaming; and the steam and fumes arising from the repast appear to form the nutriment of the spirits, for the substantial food is afterward consumed by the relatives. From this feeling with regard to ancestral worship results the strong desire of every Chinaman to have a son instead of a daughter; for should the male line of his family fail, the ancestral feasts can not be properly performed, and then not only his own spirit will be starved, but all his ancestors will be reduced to a state of beggary.

THE NEW HOE PERFECTING PRESS.

[*From Lloyd's Weekly London Newspaper, September* 28.]

SEVENTEEN years ago the proprietor of *Lloyd's News* was the first to introduce HOE'S Great American Rotary Printing Machines into this country, in order to meet the immense demand for his paper. The many advantages possessed by these machines, both as to the quality and speed of the printing, were soon rendered apparent, and the proprietors of all papers enjoying large circulations followed the example of *Lloyd's*. Since then this journal has gone on ever increasing in popularity and influence, until the regular sale has reached nearly SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES every week, and it has become impossible to supply the existing demand with sufficient rapidity without greatly increased facilities for printing. Messrs. HOE & Co. (who now carry on a very large engineering establishment in London) have therefore invented a new machine of the most comprehensive character, that will print two entire copies of *Lloyd's News* on a sheet, and complete over TWENTY THOUSAND PAPERS EVERY HOUR. The first of these machines has just been erected at one of our establishments, and the great advantages offered by the increased rapidity of printing will enable many improvements to be introduced into the columns of the paper. By being able to defer the hour for going to press we shall secure the insertion of much later news in all our editions, and especially in the fifth or Sunday morning edition, which circulates over three hundred and fifty thousand copies, and contains later intelligence than any other weekly paper. A brief description of the new machine may prove interesting to our readers. The paper is printed from a roll, each one being about two feet and a half in diameter, and containing a length of over four miles and a half, equal to 10,000 papers. The machine consists principally of three pairs of cylinders geared together, and also to each other. A roll, having been previously damped, is lifted into place by a small crane, and the paper from it passes between the first pair of cylinders, the circumferences of each of which are just equal to the required length of the sheet. One of these cylinders has its periphery covered with stereotype plates of the matter to be printed, and is supplied in the usual manner with an ink fountain, distributing and composition rollers, which, as the cylinder revolves, apply the ink to the stereotype form. The other cylinder is covered with blanket, and as they revolve together with the paper between them they print its first side, of course repeating the operation at each revolution. The paper then passes on between the second pair of cylinders, one of which carries the stereotype plates of the second side, and has its inking apparatus as in the first instance, but is so placed that the unprinted side of the paper will come in contact with it. Its fellow is three times its size, and is covered with three sets of blankets, which successively give an impression to the stereotype forms. These three blankets, of course, receive the set-off from the first-printed side of the paper, and will thus enable the machine to print three times the quantity of paper that a single-blanket cylinder would before the set-off begins to appear. The paper then passes onward to the cutting cylinders, the periphery of one of which is furnished with a projecting knife, that, as they revolve, enters into a narrow groove in the opposite cylinder, and thus at each revolution severs a sheet from the roll. These sheets are successively conveyed by two series of endless tapes to a revolving cylinder, which retains them until six (or any desired number) are collected upon it, when they are delivered in a body to the well-known "HOE sheet-flyer," which deposits them on a table in the usual manner, so that each stroke of the sheet-flyer deposits twelve (or more, if desired) perfect papers on the table, and with such exactness that without any manipulation they are in a condition either for packing into bundles or being sent to the folding-machine. Colonel HOE wishes us to state that this beautiful and simple device for collecting a number of sheets upon a cylinder and throwing them all together on the ordinary sheet-flyer is the idea of Mr. S. D. TUCKER, a member of his firm. A counter is attached, which shows at all times the number of sheets printed. The machine occupies a space of about twenty feet long, six feet wide, and seven feet high. The great improvements that have been introduced into the process of stereotyping during recent years enable us to cast any number of plates very rapidly, so that many machines can be started and the editions printed in the shortest possible space of time. Every available means will be immediately taken to give our readers the fullest and most extensive advantage that can be obtained from the use of these new and greatly improved machines.

(Continued from No. 878, page 960.)

PHINEAS REDUX.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Lady Anna," "He Knew he was Right," "Orley Farm," "Can You Forgive Her?" "The Small House at Allington," "Phineas Finn," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE CONSPIRACY.

ON the morning following the great division Phineas was with his friend, Lord Cantrip, by eleven o'clock; and Lord Cantrip, when he had read the two letters in which were comprised the whole correspondence, made to our unhappy hero the following little speech: "I do not think that you can do any thing. Indeed, I am sure that Mr. Monk is quite right. I don't quite see what it is that you wish to do. Privately—between our two selves—I do not hesitate to say that Mr. Bonteen has intended to be ill-natured. I fancy that he is an ill-natured, or at any rate a jealous, man; and that he would be willing to run down a competitor in the race who had made his running after a fashion different from his own. Bonteen has been a useful man—a very useful man; and the more so perhaps because he has not entertained any high political theory of his own. You have chosen to do so—and undoubtedly when you and Monk left us, to our very great regret, you did scuttle the ship."

"We had no intention of that kind."

"Do not suppose that I blame you. That which was odious to the eyes of Mr. Bonteen was to my thinking high and honorable conduct. I have known the same thing done by members of a Government perhaps half a dozen times, and the men by whom it has been done have been the best and noblest of our modern statesmen. There has generally been a hard contest in the man's breast between loyalty to his party and strong personal convictions, the result of which has been an inability on the part of the struggler to give even a silent support to a measure which he has disapproved. That inability is no doubt troublesome at the time to the colleagues of the seceder, and constitutes an offense hardly to be pardoned by such gentlemen as Mr. Bonteen."

"For Mr. Bonteen personally I care nothing."

"But of course you must endure the ill effects of his influence, be they what they may. When you seceded from our Government you looked for certain adverse consequences. If you did not, where was your self-sacrifice? That such men as Mr. Bonteen should feel that you had scuttled the ship, and be unable to forgive you for doing so—that is exactly the evil which you knew you must face. You have to face it now, and surely you can do so without showing your teeth. Hereafter, when men more thoughtful than Mr. Bonteen shall have come to acknowledge the high principle by which your conduct has been governed, you will receive your reward. I suppose Mr. Daubeny must resign now."

"Every body says so."

"I am by no means sure that he will. Any other Minister since Lord North's time would have done so, with such a majority against him on a vital measure; but he is a man who delights in striking out some wonderful course for himself."

"A Prime Minister so beaten surely can't go on."

"Not for long, one would think. And yet how are you to turn him out? It depends very much on a man's power of endurance."

"His colleagues will resign, I should think."

"Probably; and he must go. I should say that that will be the way in which the matter will settle itself. Good-morning, Finn; and take my word for it, you had better not answer Mr. Bonteen's letter."

Not a word had fallen from Lord Cantrip's friendly lips as to the probability of Phineas being invited to join the future Government. An attempt had been made to console him with the hazy promise of some future reward—which, however, was to consist rather of the good opinion of good men than of any thing tangible and useful. But even this would never come to him. What would good men know of him and of his self-sacrifice when he should have been driven out of the world by poverty, and forced probably to go to some New Zealand or back Canadian settlement to look for his bread? How easy, thought Phineas, must be the sacrifices of rich men, who can stay their time, and wait in perfect security for their rewards! But for such a one as he, truth to a principle was political annihilation. Two or three years ago he had done what he knew to be a noble thing; and now, because he had done that noble thing, he was to be regarded as unfit for that very employment for which he was peculiarly fitted. But Bonteen and Co. had not been his only enemies. His luck had been against him throughout. Mr. Quintus Slide, with his *People's Banner*, and the story of that wretched affair in Judd Street, had been as strong against him, probably, as Mr. Bonteen's ill word. Then he thought of Lady Laura, and her love for him. His gratitude to Lady Laura was boundless. There was nothing he would not do for Lady Laura—were it in his power to do any thing. But no circumstance in his career had been so unfortunate for him as this affection. A wretched charge had been made against him which, though wholly untrue, was, as it were, so strangely connected with the truth, that slanders might not improbably be able almost to substantiate their calumnies. She would be in London soon, and he must devote himself to her service. But every act of friendship that he might do for her would be used as proof of the accusation that had been made against him. As he thought of all this he was walking toward Park Lane, in order that he might call upon Madame Goesler according to his promise. As he went up to the drawing-room he met old Mr. Maule coming down, and the two bowed to each other on the stairs. In the drawing-room, sitting with Madame Goesler, he found Mrs. Bonteen. Now Mrs. Bonteen was almost as odious to him as was her husband.

"Did you ever know any thing more shameful, Mr. Finn," said Mrs. Bonteen, "than the attack made upon Mr. Bonteen the night before last?" Phineas could see a smile on Madame Goesler's face as the question was asked; for she knew, and he knew that she knew, how great was the antipathy between him and the Bonteens.

"The attack was upon Mr. Gresham, I thought," said Phineas.

"Oh yes, nominally. But of course every body knows what was meant. Upon my word, there is twice more jealousy among men than among women.—Is there not, Madame Goesler?"

"I don't think any man could be more jealous than I am myself," said Madame Goesler.

"Then you're fit to be a member of a Government, that's all. I don't suppose that there is a man in England has worked harder for his party than Mr. Bonteen."

"I don't think there is," said Phineas.

"Or made himself more useful in Parliament. As for work, only that his constitution is so strong he would have killed himself."

"He should take Thorley's mixture—twice a day," said Madame Goesler.

"Take! he never has time to take any thing. He breakfasts in his dressing-room, carries his lunch in his pocket, and dines with the division bell ringing him up between his fish and his mutton-chop. Now he has got their decimal coinage in hand, and has not a moment to himself, even on Sundays!"

"He'll be sure to go to heaven for it—that's one comfort."

"And because they are absolutely obliged to make him Chancellor of the Exchequer, just as if he had not earned it—every body is so jealous that they are ready to tear him to pieces!"

"Who is every body?" asked Phineas.

"Oh, I know. It wasn't only Sir Orlando Drought. Who told Sir Orlando? Never mind, Mr. Finn."

"I don't in the least, Mrs. Bonteen."

"I should have thought you would have been so triumphant," said Madame Goesler.

"Not in the least, Madame Goesler. Why should I be triumphant. Of course the position is very high—very high indeed. But it's no more than what I have always expected. If a man gives up his life to a pursuit, he ought to succeed. As for ambition, I have less of it than any woman. Only I do hate jealousy, Mr. Finn." Then Mrs. Bonteen took her leave, kissing her dear friend, Madame Goesler, and simply bowing to Phineas.

"What a detestable woman!" said Phineas.

"I know of old that you don't love her."

"I don't believe that you love her a bit better than I do, and yet you kiss her."

"Hardly that, Mr. Finn. There has come up a fashion for ladies to pretend to be very loving, and so they put their faces together. Two hundred years ago ladies and gentlemen did the same thing with just as little regard for each other. Fashions change, you know."

"That was a change for the worse, certainly, Madame Goesler."

"It wasn't of my doing. So you've had a great victory."

"Yes; greater than we expected."

"According to Mrs. Bonteen, the chief result to the country will be that the taxes will be so very safe in her husband's hands! I am sure she believes that all Parliament has been at work in order that he might be made a Cabinet Minister. I rather like her for it."

"I don't like her or her husband."

"I do like a woman that can thoroughly enjoy her husband's success. When she is talking of his carrying about his food in his pocket she is completely happy. I don't think Lady Glencora ever cared in the least about her husband being Chancellor of the Exchequer."

"Because it added nothing to her own standing."

"That's very ill-natured, Mr. Finn; and I find that you are becoming generally ill-natured. You used to be the best-humored of men."

"I hadn't so much to try my temper as I have now, and then you must remember, Madame Goesler, that I regard these people as being especially my enemies."

"Lady Glencora was never your enemy."

"Nor my friend—especially."

"Then you wrong her. If I tell you something, you must be discreet."

"Am I not always discreet?"

"She does not love Mr. Bonteen. She has had too much of him at Matching. And as for his wife, she is quite as unwilling to be kissed by her as you can be. Her Grace is determined to fight your battle for you."

"I want her to do nothing of the kind, Madame Goesler."

"You will know nothing about it. We have put our heads to work, and Mr. Palliser—that is, the new Duke—is to be made to tell Mr. Gresham that you are to have a place. It is no good you being angry, for the thing is done. If you have enemies behind your back, you must have friends behind your back also. Lady Cantrip is to do the same thing."

"For Heaven's sake, not."

"It's all arranged. You'll be called the ladies' pet, but you mustn't mind that. Lady Laura will be here before it's arranged, and she will get hold of Mr. Erle."

"You are laughing at me, I know."

"Let them laugh that win. We thought of besieging Lord Fawn through Lady Chiltern, but we are not sure that any body cares for Lord Fawn. The man we specially want now is the other Duke. We're afraid of attacking him through the Duchess because we think that he is inhumanly indifferent to any thing that his wife says to him."

"If that kind of thing is done, I shall not accept place even if it is offered me."

"Why not? Are you going to let a man like Mr. Bonteen bowl you over? Did you ever know Lady Glen fail in any thing that she attempted? She is preparing a secret with the express object of making Mr. Ratler her confidant. Lord Mount Thistle is her slave, but then I fear Lord Mount Thistle is not of much use. She'll do any thing and every thing, except flatter Mr. Bonteen."

"Heaven forbid that any body should do that for my sake."

"The truth is that he made himself so disagreeable at Matching that Lady Glen is brokenhearted at finding that he is to seem to owe his promotion to her husband's favor. Now you know all about it."

"You have been very wrong to tell me."

"Perhaps I have, Mr. Finn. But I thought it better that you should know that you have friends at work for you. We believe—or rather, the Duchess believes—that falsehoods have been used which are as disparaging to Lady Laura Kennedy as they are injurious to you, and she is determined to put it right. Some one has told Mr. Gresham that you have been the means of breaking the hearts both of Lord Brentford and Mr. Kennedy—two members of the late Cabinet—and he must be made to understand that this is untrue. If only for Lady Laura's sake, you must submit."

"Lord Brentford and I am the best friends in the world."

"And Mr. Kennedy is a madman—absolutely in custody of his friends, as every body knows; and yet the story has been made to work."

"And you do not feel that all this is derogatory to me?"

Madame Goesler was silent for a moment, and then she answered boldly, "Not a whit. Why should it be derogatory? It is not done with the object of obtaining an improper appointment on behalf of an unimportant man. When falsehoods of that kind are told, you can't meet them in a straightforward way. I suppose I know with fair accuracy the sort of connection there has been between you and Lady Laura." Phineas very much doubted whether she had any such knowledge; but he said nothing, though the lady paused a few moments for reply. "You can't go and tell Mr. Gresham all that; nor can any friend do so on your behalf. It would be absurd."

"Most absurd."

"And yet it is essential to your interests that he should know it. When your enemies are undermining you, you must countermine, or you'll be blown up."

"I'd rather fight above-ground."

"That's all very well, but your enemies won't stay above-ground. Is that newspaper man above-ground? And for a little job of clever mining, believe me that there is not a better engineer going than Lady Glen—not that what I've known her to be very nearly 'hoist with her own petard,'" added Madame Goesler, as she remembered a certain circumstance in their joint lives.

All that Madame Goesler said was true. A conspiracy had been formed, in the first place at the instance of Madame Goesler, but altogether by the influence of the young Duchess, for forcing upon the future Premier the necessity of admitting Phineas Finn into his Government. On the Wednesday following the conclusion of the debate—the day on the morning of which the division was to take place—there was no House. On the Thursday, the last day on which the House was to sit before the Easter holidays, Mr. Daubeny announced his intention of postponing the declaration of his intentions till after the adjournment. The House would meet, he said, on that day week, and then he would make his official statement. This communication he made very curtly, and in a manner that was thought by some to be almost insolent to the House. It was known that he had been grievously disappointed by the result of the debate—not probably having expected a majority since his adversary's strategy had been made public, but always hoping that the deserters from his own standard would be very few. The deserters had been very many, and Mr. Daubeny was majestic in his wrath.

Nothing, however, could be done till after Easter. The Ratlers of the Liberal party were very angry at the delay, declaring that it would have been much to the advantage of the country at large that the vacation week should have been

used for constructing a Liberal Cabinet. This work of construction always takes time, and delays the business of the country. No one can have known better than did Mr. Daubeny how great was the injury of delay, and how advantageously the short holiday might have been used. With a majority of seventy-two against him, there could be no reason why he should not have at once resigned, and advised the Queen to send for Mr. Gresham. Nothing could be worse than his conduct. So said the Liberals, thirsting for office. Mr. Gresham himself did not open his mouth when the announcement was made; nor did any man, marked for future office, rise to denounce the beaten statesman. But one or two independent members expressed their great regret at the unnecessary delay which was to take place before they were informed who was to be the Minister of the Crown. But Mr. Daubeny, as soon as he had made his statement, stalked out of the House, and no reply whatever was made to the independent members. Some few sublime and hot-headed gentlemen muttered the word "impeachment." Others, who were more practical and less dignified, suggested that the Prime Minister "ought to have his head punched."

It thus happened that all the world went out of town that week, so that the Duchess of Omnium was down at Matching when Phineas called at the Duke's house in Carlton Terrace on Friday. With what object he had called he hardly knew himself; but he thought that he intended to assure the Duchess that he was not a candidate for office, and that he must deprecate her interference. Luckily—or unluckily—he did not see her, and he felt that it would be impossible to convey his wishes in a letter. The whole subject was one which would have defied him to find words sufficiently discreet for his object.

The Duke and Duchess of St. Bungay were at Matching for the Easter—as also was Barrington Erle, and also that dreadful Mr. Bonteen, from whose presence the poor Duchess of Omnium could in these days never altogether deliver herself. "Duke," she said, "you know Mr. Finn?"

"Certainly. It was not very long ago that I was talking to him."

"He used to be in office, you remember."

"Oh yes; and a very good beginner he was. Is he a friend of your Grace's?"

"A great friend. I'll tell you what I want you to do. You must have some place found for him."

"My dear Duchess, I never interfere."

"Why, Duke, you've made more Cabinets than any man living."

"I fear, indeed, that I have been at the construction of more Governments than most men. It's forty years ago since Lord Melbourne first did me the honor of consulting me. When asked for advice, my dear, I have very often given it. It has occasionally been my duty to say that I could not myself give my slender assistance to a Ministry unless I were supported by the presence of this or that political friend. But never in my life have I asked for an appointment as a personal favor; and I am sure you won't be angry with me if I say that I can not begin to do so now."

"But Mr. Finn ought to be there. He did so well before."

"If so, let us presume that he will be there. I can only say, from what little I know of him, that I shall be happy to see him in any office to which the future Prime Minister may consider it to be his duty to appoint him."

"To think," said the Duchess of Omnium afterward to her friend Madame Goesler—"to think that I should have had that stupid old woman a week in the house, and all for nothing!"

"Upon my word, Duchess," said Barrington Erle, "I don't know why it is, but Gresham seems to have taken a dislike to him."

"It's Bonteen's doing."

"Very probably."

"Surely you can get the better of that?"

"I look upon Phineas Finn, Duchess, almost as a child of my own. He has come back to Parliament altogether at my instigation."

"Then you ought to help him."

"And so I would, if I could. Remember I am not the man I used to be when dear old Mr. Mildmay reigned. The truth is, I never interfere now unless I'm asked."

"I believe that every one of you is afraid of Mr. Gresham."

"Perhaps we are."

"I'll tell you what. If he's passed over, I'll make such a row that some of you shall hear it."

"How fond all you women are of Phineas Finn."

"I don't care that for him," said the Duchess, snapping her fingers—"more than I do, that is, for any other mere acquaintance. The man is very well, as most men are."

"Not all."

"No, not all. Some are as little and jealous as a girl in her tenth season. He is a decently good fellow, and he is to be thrown over because—"

"Because of what?"

"I don't choose to name any one. You ought to know all about it, and I do not doubt but you do. Lady Laura Kennedy is your own cousin."

"There is not a spark of truth in all that."

"Of course there is not; and yet he is to be punished. I know very well, Mr. Erle, that if you choose to put your shoulder to the wheel you can manage it; and I shall expect to have it managed."

"Plantagenet," she said the next day to her husband, "I want you to do something for me."

"To do something! What am I to do? It's very seldom you want any thing in my line."

"This isn't in your line at all, and yet I want you to do it."

"Ten to one it's beyond my means."

"No, it isn't. I know you can if you like. I suppose you are all sure to be in office within ten days or a fortnight?"

"I can't say, my dear. I have promised Mr. Gresham to be of use to him if I can."

"Every body knows all that. You're going to be Privy Seal, and to work just the same as ever at those horrible two farthings."

"And what is it you want, Glencora?"

"I want you to say that you won't take any office unless you are allowed to bring in one or two friends with you."

"Why should I do that? I shall not doubt any Cabinet chosen by Mr. Gresham."

"I'm not speaking of the Cabinet; I allude to men in lower offices, lords, and under-secretaries, and vice-people. You know what I mean."

"I never interfere."

"But you must. Other men do continually. It's quite a common thing for a man to insist that one or two others should come in with him."

"Yes. If a man feels that he can not sustain his own position without support, he declines to join the Government without it. But that isn't my case. The friends who are necessary to me in the Cabinet are the very men who will certainly be there. I would join no Government without the Duke; but—"

"Oh, the Duke—the Duke! I hate dukes—and duchesses too. I'm not talking about a duke. I want you to oblige me by making a point with Mr. Gresham that Mr. Finn shall have an office."

"Mr. Finn!"

"Yes, Mr. Finn. I'll explain it all if you wish it."

"My dear Glencora, I never interfere."

"Who does interfere? Every body says the same. Somebody interferes, I suppose. Mr. Gresham can't know every body so well as to be able to fit all the pegs into all the holes without saying a word to any body."

"He would probably speak to Mr. Bonteen."

"Then he would speak to a very disagreeable man, and one I'm as sick of as I ever was of any man I ever knew. If you can't manage this for me, Plantagenet, I shall take it very ill. It's a little thing, and I'm sure you could have it done. I don't very often trouble you by asking for any thing."

The Duke, in his quiet way was an affectionate man and an indulgent husband. On the following morning he was closeted with Mr. Bonteen, two private secretaries, and a leading clerk from the Treasury for four hours, during which they were endeavoring to ascertain whether the commercial world of Great Britain would be ruined or enriched if twelve pennies were declared to contain fifty farthings. The discussion had been grievously burdensome to the minds of the Duke's assistants in it, but he himself had remembered his wife through it all. "By-the-way," he said, whispering into Mr. Bonteen's private ear as he led that gentleman away to lunch, "if we do come in—"

"Oh, we must come in."

"If we do, I suppose something will be done for that Mr. Finn. He spoke well the other night."

Mr. Bonteen's face became very long. "He helped to upset the coach when he was with us before."

"I don't think that that is much against him."

"Is he—a personal friend of your Grace's?"

"No—not particularly. I never care about such things for myself; but Lady Glencora—"

"I think the Duchess can hardly know what has been his conduct to poor Kennedy. There was a most disreputable row at a public-house in London, and I'm told that he behaved—very badly."

"I never heard a word about it," said the Duke.

"I'll tell you just the truth," said Mr. Bonteen. "I've been asked about him, and I've been obliged to say that he would weaken any Government that would give him office."

"Oh, indeed!"

That evening the Duke told the Duchess nearly all that he had heard, and the Duchess swore that she wasn't going to be beaten by Mr. Bonteen.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ONCE AGAIN IN PORTMAN SQUARE

ON the Wednesday in Easter week Lord Brentford and Lady Laura Kennedy reached Portman Square from Dresden, and Phineas, who had remained in town, was summoned thither by a note written at Dover. "We arrived here today, and shall be in town to-morrow afternoon between four and five. Papa wants to see you especially. Can you manage to be with us in the square at about eight. I know it will be inconvenient, but you will put up with inconvenience. I don't like to keep papa up late; and if he is tired he won't speak to you as he would if you came early.—L. K." Phineas was engaged to dine with Lord Cantrip; but he wrote to excuse himself—telling the simple truth. He had been asked to see Lord Brentford on business, and must obey the summons.

He was shown into a sitting-room on the ground-floor, which he had always known as the Earl's own room, and there he found Lord Brentford alone. The last time he had been there he had come to plead with the Earl on behalf of Lord Chiltern, and the Earl had then been a stern self-willed man, vigorous from a sense of power, and very able to maintain and to express his own feelings. Now he was a broken-down old man—whose mind had been, as it were, unbooted and put into moral slippers for the remainder of its term of existence upon earth.

He half shuffled up out of his chair as Phineas came up to him, and spoke as though every calamity in the world were oppressing him.

"Such a passage! Oh, very bad indeed! I thought it would have been the death of me." Laura thought it better to come on. The fact, however, had been that the Earl had so many objections to staying at Calais, that his daughter had felt herself obliged to yield to him.

"You must be glad, at any rate, to have got home," said Phineas.

"Home! I don't know what you call home. I don't suppose I shall ever feel any place to be home again."

"You'll go to Saulsby, will you not?"

"How can I tell? If Chiltern would have kept the house up, of course I should have gone there. But he never would do any thing like any body else. Violet wants me to go to that place they've got there, but I sha'n't do that."

"It's a comfortable house."

"I hate horses and dogs, and I won't go."

There was nothing more to be said on that point. "I hope Lady Laura is well."

"No, she's not. How should she be well? She's any thing but well. She'll be in directly, but she thought I ought to see you first. I suppose this wretched man is really mad."

"I am told so."

"He never was any thing else since I knew him. What are we to do now? Forster says it won't look well to ask for a separation only because he's insane. He tried to shoot you?"

"And very nearly succeeded."

"Forster says that if we do any thing, all that must come out."

"There need not be the slightest hesitation, as far as I am concerned, Lord Brentford."

"You know he keeps all her money."

"At present I suppose he couldn't give it up."

"Why not? Why shouldn't he give it up? God bless my soul! Forty thousand pounds, and all for nothing. When he married he declared that he didn't care about it! Money was nothing to him! So she lent it to Chiltern."

"I remember."

"But they hadn't been together a year before he asked for it. Now there it is; and if she were to die to-morrow it would be lost to the family. Something must be done, you know. I can't let her money go in that way."

"You'll do what Mr. Forster suggests, no doubt."

"But he won't suggest any thing. They never do. He doesn't care what becomes of the money. It never ought to have been given up as it was."

"It was settled, I suppose?"

"Yes; if there were children. And it will come back to her if he dies first. But mad people never do die. That's a well-known fact. They've nothing to trouble them, and they live forever. It'll all go to some cousin of his that nobody ever saw."

"Not as long as Lady Laura lives."

"But she does not get a penny of the income; not a penny. There never was any thing so cruel. He has published all manner of accusations against her."

"Nobody believes a word of that, my lord."

"And then, when she is dragged forward by the necessity of vindicating her character, he goes mad and keeps all her money! There never was any thing so cruel since the world began."

This continued for half an hour, and then Lady Laura came in. Nothing had come, or could have come, from the consultation with the Earl. Had it gone on for another hour, he would simply have continued to grumble, and have persevered in insisting upon the hardships he endured. Lady Laura was in black, and looked sad and old and care-worn; but she did not seem to be ill. Phineas could not but think at the moment how entirely her youth had passed away from her. She came and sat close by him, and began at once to speak of the late debate. "Of course they'll go out," she said.

"I presume they will."

"And our party will come in."

"Oh yes; Mr. Gresham, and the two dukes, and Lord Cantrip, with Legge Wilson, Sir Harry Coldfoot, and the rest of them."

"And you?"

Phineas smiled, and tried to smile pleasantly, as he answered, "I don't know that they'll put themselves out by doing very much for me."

"They'll do something."

"I fancy not. Indeed, Lady Laura, to tell the truth at once, I know that they don't mean to offer me any thing."

"After making you give up your place in Ireland?"

"They didn't make me give it up. I should never dream of using such an argument to any one. Of course I had to judge for myself. There is nothing to be said about it; only it is so." As he told her this he strove to look light-hearted, and so to speak that she should not see the depth of his disappointment; but he failed altogether. She knew him too well not to read his whole heart in the matter.

"Who has said it?" she asked.

"Nobody says things of that kind, and yet one knows."

"And why is it?"

"How can I say? There are various reasons, and perhaps very good reasons. What I did before makes men think that they can't depend on me. At any rate it is so."

"Shall you not speak to Mr. Gresham?"

"Certainly not."

"What do you say, papa?"

"How can I understand it, my dear? There used to be a kind of honor in these things, but that's all old-fashioned now. Ministers used to think of their political friends; but in these days they only regard their political enemies. If you can make a Minister afraid of you, then it becomes worth his while to buy you up. Most of the young men rise now by making themselves thoroughly disagreeable. Abuse a Minister every night for half a session, and you may be sure to be in office the other half, if you care about it."

"May I speak to Barrington Erle?" asked Lady Laura.

"I had rather you did not. Of course I must take it as it comes."

"But, my dear Mr. Finn, people do make efforts in such cases. I don't doubt but at this moment there are a dozen men moving Heaven and earth to secure something. No one has more friends than you have."

Had not her father been present he would have told her what his friends were doing for him, and how unhappy such interferences made him; but he could not explain all this before the Earl. "I would so much rather hear about yourself," he said, again smiling.

"There is but little to say about us. I suppose papa has told you?"

But the Earl had told him nothing, and indeed there was nothing to tell. The lawyer had advised that Mr. Kennedy's friends should be informed that Lady Laura now intended to live in England, and that they should be invited to make to her some statement as to Mr. Kennedy's condition. If necessary, he, on her behalf, would justify her departure from her husband's roof by a reference to the outrageous conduct of which Mr. Kennedy had since been guilty. In regard to Lady Laura's fortune, Mr. Forster said that she could no doubt apply for alimony, and that if the application were pressed at law she would probably obtain it; but he could not recommend such a step at the present moment. As to the accusation which had been made against her character, and which had become public through the malice of the editor of the *People's Banner*, Mr. Forster thought that the best refutation would be found in her return to England. At any rate he would advise no further step at the present moment. Should any further libel appear in the columns of the newspaper, then the question might be again considered. Mr. Forster had already been in Portman Square, and this had been the result of the conference.

"There is not much comfort in it all, is there?" said Lady Laura.

"There is no comfort in any thing," said the Earl.

When Phineas took his leave Lady Laura followed him out into the hall, and they went together into the large, gloomy dining-room—gloomy and silent now, but which in former days he had known to be brilliant with many lights, and cheerful with eager voices. "I must have one word with you," she said, standing close to him against the table, and putting her hand upon his arm. "Amidst all my sorrow, I have been so thankful that he did not—kill you."

"I almost wish he had."

"Oh, Phineas!—how can you say words so wicked! Would you have had him a murderer?"

"A madman is responsible for nothing."

"Where should I have been? What should I have done? But of course you do not mean it. You have every thing in life before you. Say some word to me more comfortable than that. You can not think how I have looked forward to meeting you again. It has robbed the last month of half its sadness." He put his arm round her waist and pressed her to his side, but he said nothing. "It was so good of you to go to him as you did. How was he looking?"

"Twenty years older than when you saw him last."

"But how in health?"

"He was thin and haggard."

"Was he pale?"

"No; flushed and red. He had not shaved himself for days; nor, as I believe, had he been out of his room since he came up to London. I fancy that he will not live long."

"Poor fellow—unhappy man! I was very wrong to marry him, Phineas."

"I have never said so—nor, indeed, thought so."

"But I have thought so; and I say it also—to you. I owe him any reparation that I can make him; but I could not have lived with him. I had no idea, before, that the nature of two human beings could be so unlike. I so often remember what you told me of him—here—in this house, when I first brought you together. Alas, how sad it has been!"

"Sad, indeed."

"But can this be true that you tell me of yourself?"

"It is quite true. I could not say so before your father, but it is Mr. Bonteen's doing. There is no remedy. I am sure of that. I am only afraid that people are interfering for me in a manner that will be as disagreeable to me as it will be useless."

"What friends?" she asked.

He was still standing with his arm round her waist, and he did not like to mention the name of Madame Goesler.

"The Duchess of Omnium—whom you remember as Lady Glencora Palliser."

"Is she a friend of yours?"

"No—not particularly. But she is an indiscreet woman, and hates Bonteen, and has taken it into her stupid head to interest herself in my concerns. It is no doing of mine, and yet I can not help it."

"She will succeed."

"I don't want assistance from such a quarter; and I feel sure that she will not succeed."

"What will you do, Phineas?"

"What shall I do? Carry on the battle as long as I can without getting into debt, and then—vanish."

"You vanished once before—did you not—with a wife?"

"And now I shall vanish alone. My poor little wife! It seems all like a dream. She was so good, so pure, so pretty, so loving!"

"Loving! A man's love is so easily transferred—as easily as a woman's hand; is it not,